

STAR-FLOWERS
THE WOMAN'S MYSTERY

CANTO THE SECOND

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

GIFT OF

The Author.

Received *April*, 1896.

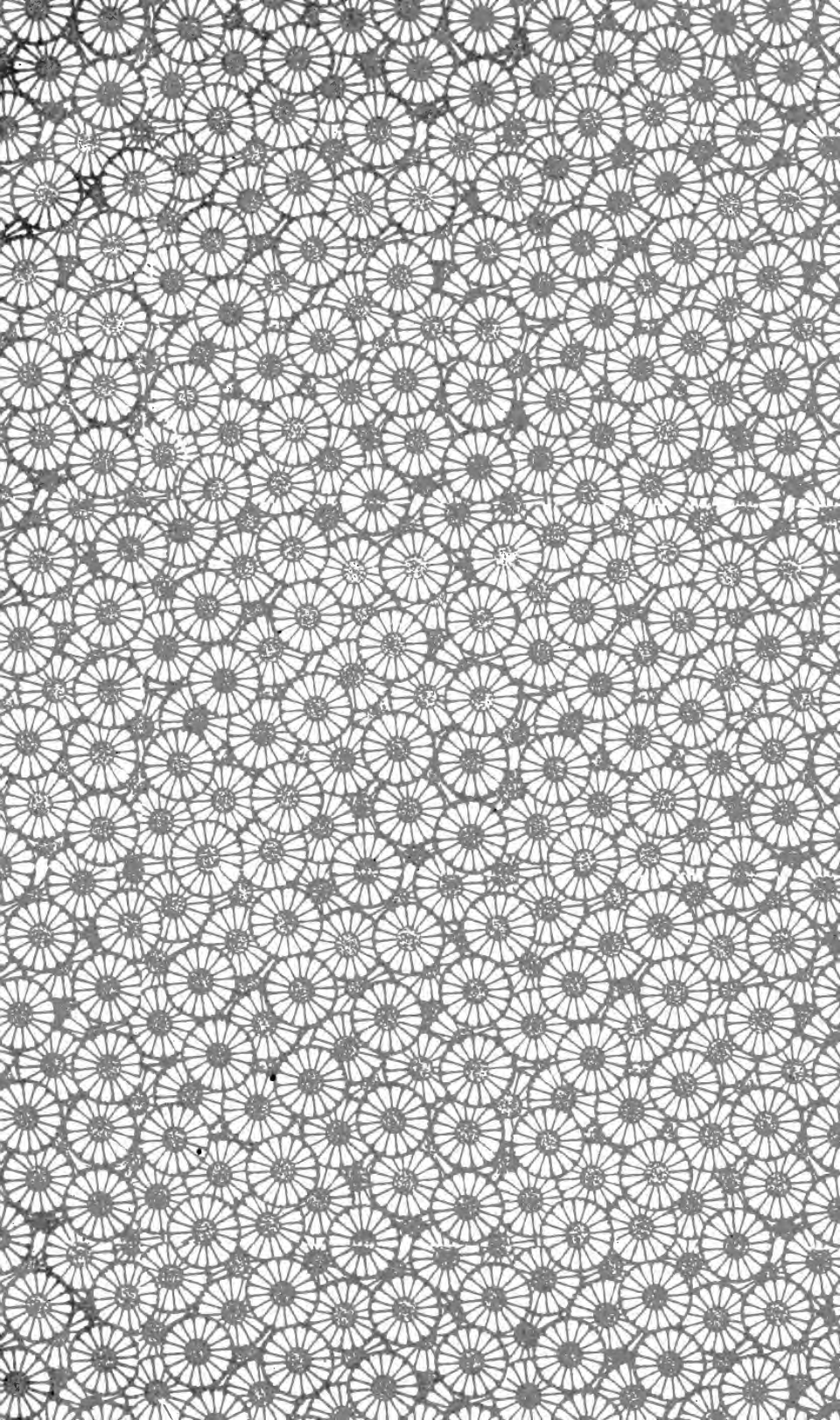
Accessions No. *62342* Shelf No. *985*

H316

v. 2

The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley





STAR-FLOWERS,

A POEM OF THE

WOMAN'S MYSTERY

BY

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

THE PEERLESS BEAUTY makes descent,
Drawn to the last, divine Event;
And thought in song makes overflow;
Glad while I hail and love Her so.

CANTO THE SECOND



FOUNTAINGROVE

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1886.

62342

STAR-FLOWERS.

CANTO THE SECOND.





DEDICATION.

O THOU, the Muse, whose grace to me unvailed;
The river-bosomed and the blossom-waisted;
Sure the Lost Pleiad in thee has not failed:
From Christus-Christa borne to earth she hasted,
Lifting her bowl of brimming joys untasted.
So from her lips, and in the holy twine
Of God-fraught being, all for blisses vested,
I held the clew to many a bower divine,
Where Truth, from nectared buds of woman, flows to wine.

Surely, sweet Muse, we have been glad together;
Sharing in mysteries that formed to sport,
As little gold-flecked birds, that fledge and feather
In Hymen's queenly bower and kingly court.
Yet, Sweet, thou didst this loyal bosom hurt;
Leading, through sweetest hurt, mine eyes anew
To walk through evil cities, all begirt
With miseries, where dying lives bestrew
The earth with fruitless tears, and heaven is lost from view.

She laughed: she said, 'Yea, surely I have bitten,
When I did give gold apples in the bed.
I hold the lamp of many flames unlitten,
That never did burn for thy wisdomhead.
And if, by time, this Issa-Lily wed
Still deeper, by sweet sorrow, sweetest strife,—
Ideal, wrought in real,—makes a red,
Deep issue, where still secret powers are rife:
For bud and bloom and fruit, spring-wise they summon life.

'You thought, just here, to weave a dedication,
And crown this Issa-Lily's brows enwrit;
But I desire to wait for coronation,
Till the vast Mother Bird from heaven has lit
Upon this tree of earth, and shaken it;
And the dead leaves and blights and coiling things
Are perished in her whirl, and Infinite
Pure Beauty through the tree makes blossomings;—
Yea, till my girls for joy within their feet find wings.

'The creature-wife in man for seed explores;
She summons baby by her passion-sign.
I, Woman, summon gifts from all the shores;
I rise, I spray, by crested waves I twine.
I, Woman, womaning; thy fruitful vine,
Thy known unknown, thy pregnant mystery,
Make sharp experience where the joys combine,
Till Power and Wisdom climb the hills of glee:—
A verse is now my babe, an Empire yet shall be.

'Our Father called me 'deep and intricate,
 Subtle and manifold:' He intimated
 That in my being moved your own sure fate:
 So your new genesis in me was dated.
 Woman I am; proceeding; not created.
 All women of the Word-seed here below
 Are for my people; She, the myriad-gated,
 Our Mother, opens through me for the glow:
 The Beautiful Desire in me would thus bestow.'

She wrote again, as on my heart in letters;
 'I still, I soothe, I sanctify, I set
 My cross of stars, where erst the cross of fetters
 Held thee so long in anguish and regret:
 Gold lilies blossom for my coronet:
 My face for passionate desire is pale:
 My feet are blossomed in the violet:
 My floating robes form all one bridal vail;
 Yet I am wrapped in clouds, cold as from winter's hail.

'My feet hold fate! for thee I am Persistence,
 And in thee for our doing I persist.
 My life folds freedom of Divine Existence:
 In that new freedom thou art claimed and kissed.
 Doth Nature grapple with thee and resist?
 I hold a nature deeper far than she.
 See how I fold thy Lily, filled and blissed:
 Her forceful holding she attains by me,
 With many bridal girls who wait upon her knee.

‘So I will weave through her the dedication
Of this small volume, and its pages wind,
By woman’s mystery of impregnation,
For occult wisdom to the pure in mind.
See how I touch thee! see, my star-flowers find
Pores where they kindle on thy quivering brow.
O’er Social Woman shall these rays be twined:
Those who make heart for Issa-Lily now,—
In word-fire, to the end, their hearts I will endow.

‘The speaking fire within the spirit’s house
Is given to serve me, and the holy men
Who walk with Adonai and his spouse
Shall gather for my blissful summons, when
Earth meets the Solar Cross, and shadows then.
Surely this Earth shall be my violet bed,
All sacred-sweet as Lilimola’s glen.
Hearts in the God-heart shall their flowers dispread,
And Issa-Lily, there her two-fold spouse re-wed.’

Her words are actual verities to me.
Solid as solid mind, of Word in birth;
Involving and evolving wondrously;
Now shaped in human heaven, then human earth;
Now in the vaster form of woman’s worth;
Then by my side, the full, round, glowing girl;
Joy, reverence, worship, wisdom, fancy, mirth,
In colored lights from her, my Dawn, unfurl:
Hers is the seed of seed within the pearl of pearl.

To All who live and suffer for the sake
Of Mother-Truth, and for the Mother-ways;
To All for Her great charities who make
Heart-gifts, as hand-maids, while the time delays;
To All who sanctify, where man betrays,
Soul, flesh and sense for Her thrice holy powers;
To All who seek to hallow for Her praise
The love-fraught bosom that man's lust deflowers,—
This is our bridal gift; their bridal hope in ours.

Take Issa-Lily's book! in it take her,
The one-twain Lady: in it take the morning;
By gracious gifts, each one the harbinger
Of that full hour when Day shall make adorning.
For now the hour draws on when strife and scorning
Shall be obliterated in her path.

The speaking flames are in my spirit burning;
They shine afar; I know that man's red wrath
Shall from the planet fail, leaving no stain, no scath.





STAR-FLOWERS.

CANTO THE SECOND.

1.

EASTER EVE IN LILISTAN.

THE white-robed maids for dances go
In bridal halls of Lilimo'.
They play the old year out, and so
The New Year in, by Savior-glow.

The year is wrought in Christa's round,
Folding Her Bridegroom, robed and crowned.
In Her for us the year is found;
From Her by Him its wealth unbound.

We know as nothing where we dwell,
Till, rising from the Mother's well,
The sacred Naiad lifts her bell,
To break it as a music shell.

She sprinkles o'er us, for the bliss
Of bridal hearts, to hearts that kiss.
Blithe Issa never does amiss;
Her Mother's year she leads to this.

She weds the silver to the gold,
The diamond to its ruby fold:
She leads the star-fire through the cold;
Then hearts are kindled to behold:

When Easter-tide is almost nigh,
The crimson lights in shadows lie;
The joy that was, no more they spy;
Their heaven suspends by sky in sky.

Their earth is folded as a sleep,
And, wreathing so as hight in deep,
Pale, silvery mists take form to creep:
In violet beds their dewes they steep.

The land is hushed in dreamy spells:
Sealed are the sacred rapture-wells:
No more in bride the bridegroom dwells:
The old time ends in sweet farewells.

So, gathered mutely yet apart,
In silence of the Savior-Heart,
The wreaths that wrought their social art
Untwine from temple, hall and mart.

The knightly staffs their powers insheathe;
The lady-gifts like flowers inwreathe.
They who brought forth the Year receive;
Then sleep vails o'er the Easter-eve.

2.



EASTER MORN IN LILISTAN.

Lift, Bridal Girls! your brows adorn;
 The Life Rose blossoms from His thorn.
 In love, to love, for love re-born,
 Our Lord comes forth! 'tis Easter-morn.
 The shadows of His eyes are led
 From bridal bed to bridal bed,
 Till silver-flames as flowers dispread,
 And from His lips weave blossoms red.

Christ has arisen in us, to be
 The Year's evolving harmony;
 And manhood rises, pure and free,
 To glide again through lady-gee.
 The Year, that sped by joys in pain,
 Returns in robes of rapture-rain.
 The Year is born from vein to vein;
 The powers that slept their gifts regain.

3.

EASTER SONG IN LILISTAN.

"Tell me, Bride Girls! did ye gather
 In the garden of the Cross?
 Did ye see the Mother-Father
 Clad in billowing waves that toss
 From the world that lies in loss?"

‘ Did our Year pass to its dying,
 To be buried in God’s round ?
 Lo ! it comes for us enskying ;
 We are kindled and abound,
 For our King is crowned, is crowned !

‘ By the kingly in the queenly
 Comes our Christus, in the glow
 Of the new time, led serenely
 Through the morning’s marriage-bow ;
 All for passion-rains aglow.

‘ We endiadem for lusters ;
 In His lucid eyes we shine ;
 But our lips make bridal clusters,
 Touching sweetly to entwine
 Where His joys distill for wine.’

4.

SOLILOQUIES.

I have wrought in sorrow and gloom and fears,
 Lonely on Earth all the desolate years.
 I have seen the youth and the manhood pass,
 Like images lost from a mirrored glass.
 I have shed my life and its full delights
 On traitors and wasters and parasites.
 I have borne in my being for woman’s curse ;
 But it rises now. I have wrought a verse
 That penetrates deep to the hidden springs
 That flow for the life of her blossomings.
 I stand at last ’mid her Bridal Train,
 As bosom in bosom and brain in brain.
 I feel the thrill of her social powers ;
 I breathe the airs of her passion-flowers.

All that a man might give I gave;
Gladness in sorrow and life in grave.
All that a man might speed I sped,
To hallow the earth for her rapture-bed,
And draw, for the light of her wakening eyes,
Morn through the bloom-wreaths of paradise.

Now in the Passion Cross I stand;
But mine eyes are illumined, till sight expand
O'er the dark vales of her shadowed land.
Mine heart is thrilled by the bridal songs,
Where woman evolves from the aged wrongs,
And sets her lip to the Savior-lip,
To rise and to hold in the fellowship
Of the Bridal God, while His vast embrace
Loosens her being, all grace by grace,
And leads to the manhood of the skies
The freedoms, at one with the destinies.

Blessed are hers who shall come to be
Woven as wreaths in His passion-tree;
Blossoming there from His lips' ripe red;
Sparkling in dew for the Saviorhead;
Lighting and living to gift and charm;
Twining round manhood the social arm;
Flowing by feelings that bear the sea,
Pregnant and full from the Savior-glee.

I come to mine own,—at last mine own,
By wealth of bosom and wealth of zone;
Drawn by the word-staff in the hands;
Touched, heart to heart, for the sister-bands:
While Purity in their life impearls
I joy for the worth of the Savior-girls;



Lifting to glide in His music-seas,
 And rise on its crests as the naiades.
 Lover and loveress, one-in-twain,
 Shed on me still from the music-rain.
 I rise o'er Ill with a proud disdain,
 Where my joy is formed in the Savior-pain.
 I gave God's best and I took man's worst;
 He thrived by the gifts, but the hand he curst;—
 Surely, full surely, the hour draws nigh
 When no more the proud worm shall the Morn defy.

I wandered and grieved in the weary night,
 Till the Man on the pale horse met my sight.
 They pierced His side with the roman spear,
 Where priesthood and rabble made scoff and jeer;
 But now in His hands is held the staff,
 And the flames of the morning leap and laugh
 From the burning point, where he urges in,
 To pierce through the corselet of death and sin.
 I knew His Name, for the pleasure-dome
 Of His Being o'erspans this martyrdom;
 And she who was borne from His marriage-bliss,
 Holds from her world where I hold in this.

5.

EASTER AT FOUNTAINGROVE.

Love's Easter Man, through gold-lit eyes,
 Kindles to us from Paradise:
 Up, Comrades, up! be timely wise,
 And fraternise, O fraternise!

He is not man who dwells apart,
Self-exiled from the Social Heart.
Bear we the burden, feel the smart?
Still, still, we toil by Savior-art.

They who the social loves repress
Awhile by seemings may possess;
But, in the darkness and distress,
They fail at last by loneliness.

With lifted hand yet bended knee,
Meet the New Year in Savior-glee.
He whom we serve for ours shall be,
And form us by fraternity.

6.

EASTER: WITH ISSA-LILY.

'I lift my feet and loose my curls,'
Sang Issa 'mid her social girls.
Where man to man is bosom-kind,
Their social wreaths the ladies wind.

'Her Savior fills the social throne,
And radiates, but not alone.
The gifts that manhood lives to gain,
Waft to us from the One-in-Twain.

I lift my hand to Issa's hand;
The word-staff blossoms in her wand.
My Pure Ideal sheds anew
Gifts in the Savior-Heart that grew.

Swing on your circles, crystal doors
That open to the music-floors.
For wealth of worth aspire, respire;
Form, children, for the Savior-choir.

7.

NIGHT AFTER EASTER.

Outwarded to me, Issa's hand
Held a gleaming cup in a silver band.
She bade me drink of it full and deep,
For powers to serve in the sorrow-sleep.

I toiled all night in a weary way;
My form of shadow grew cold as clay.
I sought to reach by the Master's hand,
Loosening the woman's anguish band;
Touching to find the spell that holds
Her quivering heart in the anguish-folds.

I caught a worm from a lady's breast,
That grew where a man had pierced and prest;
Then left her, breathing soft and low,
For dreams that the Mother might bestow.

I crossed the line that our space divides
From the Garden Land, that in gladness hides
Under the light of the laughing eyes
Of the Bridal God for His paradise.

8.

THE LADIES OF BETHANY.

He who is Infinite appears
 In many a form that his finite wears:
 I saw the Ladies of Bethany, three,
 Caught in a net from his marriage glee;

They whirled in a dance, and He in them,
 For blossoming mantle and diadem,
 Till he led the bridegrooms through the brides,
 And the young men stood by their balmy sides,

Robed in the radiance of their bliss.
 I saw the Lord in these ladies kiss
 Through the lips of their lovers, and so intwine
 His breathing form to their pleasure-vine,

While the Lady of Blisses through Him led.
 Then I returned to my sorrowing bed,
 And woke on earth in the crimson morn,
 As a rose-flower blossomed from its thorn.

9.

MORNING AFTER EASTER.

He who has found his love most kind,
 Wakes oft with a sorrow on his mind;
 For the secret griefs that ladies know
 Rise through their blisses to o'erflow,

Never a maid on her lover's arm
But holds an anguish in her charm.
Never a spouse, in her sweetest thrill,
But tastes in her heart of an hidden ill.

The shadows of time and age and death
Fold in the warm, enkindling breath.
Aye on Earth's marriage banquets fall
Glooms that are sprinkled from the pall;
And he who clasps the fairest form
Knows that he but precedes the worm.

I dip my hands in dewy bliss,
Borne from the breath of my Sweetheart's kiss,
And wet my lids, that her violet eyes
May shine through the orbs till the shadow flies.—

O Girls, her Girls! would ye live, and lift
Over the seas where the death-mists drift,
Ye might conquer death, ye might break his band,
And make your earth as God's Garden Land.

Man hath not known of your germ of price:
Wrong hath not conquered its fortalice.
She who bears man in her blossom-bell,
And brings forth the boy to the outer shell,

Hath formed in her deeper motherhood,—
A sea that shall open, flood by flood,
And loose through mankind the woman-wave,
Cleansing the planet from stain or grave,

O Girls, her Girls! could ye slay the worm
That coils round the blithe, pre-natal form,
Till woman, with woman no more at strife,
Might fashion the bands of her social life;—

Could woman, with woman no more in cold,
Kiss to God's lip for the morning-gold;
Could woman, with woman no more in gloom,
Fold to God's bosom for rapture-bloom;—

Could woman, from woman no more apart,
Hold to God's heart for the social heart,
Age would de cease and leave no trace,
And paradise blossom in form and grace.

'Tis well, 'tis better than lingering strife,
That death should come for the worn-out wife;
Better for withered and wasted girls
To seek through the grave their lost passion-pearls.

But what if the Bridal God return,
For lives that quicken and hearts that burn?
What if for Him again dis spread
The sacred bloom of the bridalhead?

What if again Young Life restores
The violet to its passion-floors;
Bids the nectareous lips distill;
Lifts the blithe bosom to refill:
And makes His resurrection so,
In woman's victory below?



I.

This was the last of earthly miseries

• That Lady Yessa bore; She saw deferred
The hope that lit the crystal palaces

Of heaven: She met the sorrow of her Lord,—

For that he, too, grieved in her; so the sword
Of many grievings pierced her bosomed grace:

. She saw He might not hold on earth his Word,
But, though transposed, must vanish, and the race,
Crownless and sceptreless, the Bridal Truth deface.

II.

But Christus held a hope to lift and hold

After his resurrection, and He knew

It might be possible, if every cold

That gathered from mankind and in him grew

Dissolved upon him: so She charmed his view,

Dissolving, still dissolving, more and more.

Her Womanhood into his Manhood drew:

His time-form in her own she still upbore:—

Nature refused the Word; 'twas vain; the strife was o'er.

III.

The One-in-Twain were hungering, as now

I hunger, still with man to live and serve;

And Lady Issa stands to light my brow,

To lift the bosom and the sense to nerve,

For energies that never fail or swerve,

But bear us on where They in vain made stand;

Where heaven and earth and hell to one entwine;

Where centerstance and circumstance enband,

And Nature's last effect touches God's passion-land.

IV.

The Mother holds in perfect daughterhood,
That so full Bride Word may in Issa be:
But, tossed as water-blossoms in the flood,
Her form is shaken by the cruelty
Of this profane mankind, that viciously
Strains, by its occult forces to remove.
Her extreme force fills mine infirmity:
Though God be great, not here His forces prove
Efficient to full ends, save as through woman's love.

V.

Men are so weak! if one their Idol shatter,
Almost the Living God they doubt or scorn.
The pleasurable ills, that soothe and flatter,
Rise o'er them as the Goddess on the morn.
They count as foes the friends who sagely warn:
Their serpent seems a fair one of the brides:
Illusions of her base caress are born;
Till gorged to full the lamia from them slides,
Leaving her wasted prey ruins or suicides.

VI.

Men are so weak! their blossom drops apart
If but the wild wasp sting it; yet the rose,
Within the secret eden of the heart,
To lift life's flower of perfectness that grows,
Still to insidious Evil they expose,
Till blood-stains show upon the blighting tree.
Man bleeds away his life by hidden woes;
The summers of the soul no more may be,
And life expires in frosts of speechless agony.

VII.

Tempt not the Fates ! the ancient adepts found
That there are Powers, all holding for a wall,
That manhood may ascend, illumed and crowned,
O'ercoming many ills, enduring all;
But, if the Fates are grieved, the ramparts fall.
Then ruin riots where he planned to dwell;
The creeping plagues o'er his gay pleasures crawl;
Till he but hears some melancholy bell
Toll o'er the marshy waste, where rose his citadel.

10.

PASSION-PAIN.

Thou God! who art in my passion-pain,
Whereby I suffer in heart and brain
For men to whom Thy word is vain,
Who clutch the gifts but to profane;

Mine eyelids darken more and more,
For one such, storming at my door:
My heart is anguished to the core,
But Woman opens to restore.

Sure on these mortal citadels,
Where souls elaborate their hells,
Shall burst at last explosive shells,
Where the dread central evil dwells.

Then silently, as when a dream
Drifts on the morning's golden stream,

From the dark eye shall fall the beam,
To vanish in the light supreme.

So, with a wonder of surprise,
For earth men shall behold the skies ;
And touch the Mother-Heart for eyes,
While death within them wastes and dies.

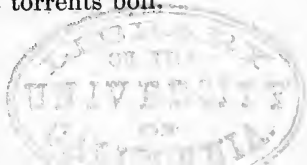
For God is more than human ill ;
Potent for succor to instill ;
And our dear Mother yet shall thrill
Lost manhood, working so Her will.

I stand enwrought in Passion Truth.
The serpent round my feet for ruth
Has coiled ; I feel the deadly tooth ;
Yet slays he not my two-fold youth.

I will but bless to meet his curse ;
Evil is met by its inverse.
Yea, though my shadow-form disperse,
The better still shall face the worse.

So, if one life that I would raise
Scorns and denies the woman's ways,
Still to the Mother shall be praise,
Till heart by heart Her flower displays.

What though the crooked tempter spoil ?
Still She will pardon and assoil,
And bring the corn and wine and oil,
For the drowned lands where torrents boil.



Sure She will make an end of this;
Will close for man the last abyss;
Will rescue by Her holy kiss,
And fold the planet in Her bliss.

11.

MARRIAGE BOWER IN LILISTAN.

I woke by night in a Garden Bower
And drank sweet bliss from a holy flower,
A plant of pardon that met mine eyes
With blossoms of 'love-in-sacrifice.'

I saw beyond me irradiant stairs;
Upon them, all bridal pairs by pairs,
A brother-band, wrought in a sister-band,
Their down-flight led from the upper land.

But when they had reached the garden round,
Sweet bowers of marriage-rest they found;
And their bosom-wealth was all disbound
Till charm after charm in the airs unwound.

I drank repose in my weary sense,
And slept as a folded innocence;
Gathered in blisses that grew intense,
That so I might hold to the frame's extense.

So to earth's morning once more I wake
With hearts that suffer and forms that ache,
And press by the feet on the writhing snake:—
I bear for mine own; I will not forsake,

I sprinkle the fragrance of rose and myrrh
Where man lies in his shell as a cadaver.
Do the dreamy sprites in the corpses stir?
When Mother breathes forth they shall rise for Her.

12.

ISSA'S LION.

I tore a tiger from my side,
A tiger of the realms of sleep;
Borne from a human form, to hide
And ravage where the shades are deep.

Fierce were his wild and hungry eyes,
And lithe and strong each nervous limb:
He sought to clasp a maiden prize,
But there I intercepted him.

Swift, as I sought to intercept,
An elemental shape he drew,
Steaming with hot, magnetic sweat,
From a base youth's foul passion-dew.

Between the eyes the beast I smote:
His fangs he fastened in my hand,
Then tore me by my shining coat;
But Issa laid him by her wand,

And cried, 'Come forth, thou monstrous thing!
Stand as thou art by human shape.'

She clasped him with an occult ring,
And held him that he might not 'scape.

Three comrades of the earthly pit,
By fires of an infernal joy,
Conspiracy had formed in it:
I saw their images deploy,

And separate; and then the beast
Dissolved, as if a worm were cast
Into the flame: I was released
From a fierce grief by this at last.

By toils and pains like this I wound
Through the dim terrors of the night;
Then entered where red shades are crowned
Over the field of Earth's delight.

I saw a fiery lion, led
Out of a Lady's worth to me;
Stroking his brow, she gently said,
'This elemental shape shall be

For that young maid a generous gift,
Forth from my bridal courage led;
And he his fiery form shall lift,
To guard by night her virgin bed.'

When I returned to earthly gloom
The occult lion met my hand;
And he was red with fiery bloom,
Glad for the maiden's shield to stand,

13.

CHRISTUS: THE ARCHER.

An Archer brought for gift a sheaf
Of holy arrows dipped in fire;
'Thou son,' He said, 'from passion-grief
Ascend, in gold-light for attire.'

A bugle from His baldric hung;
He placed it to the lips and blew;
Then, as a bow is newly strung,
To seven-fold strength my bosom drew.

But he ungirt a shining belt,
And for the loins He girded me;
Till pains dissolved, as waters melt
When summer finds the arctic sea.

'Thy passion-grief is o'er again,'
He spoke, 'let powers to gifts deploy.
By fiery arrows wing to men:
Speed forth by Me the passion-joy.'

Then vividly He rose and shone,
Transfigured in His Love's delight;
While yet the bugle's echoing tone
Broke forth to song-birds in their flight.

14.

THE CRIMSON SWAN.

High in the silvery heaven
I saw a Crimson Swan:

A moment the sight was given;
It passed and the gift was gone.

I woke in the morn belated,
A-wearied from night's alarms;
But there for my joy awaited
The red swan in my arms.

It was no shape of splendor,
Led forth from the angel host;
But, luminous, mild and tender,
A Form of the Holy Ghost.

Dear hearts, that are pining ever,
Lonely while years grieve on,
Fear not for the shadowed river,
But hold for the Crimson Swan.

15.

LADY SNOWDRIFT.

Her name was Snowdrift, for she grew
In life's long winter to my view;
A maid of crystal purity,
Yet first as but a drift to me.

I caught the glimmer of her dress;
As when the north winds bleakly press,

Dropping perchance the rounded hail,
As pearls from o'er the bridal veil.

I tracked the traces of her feet,
As where the pattering hailstones beat;
And felt her calm cold lips to mine,
Through nights that sorrow made divine.—

From the white wraith came rounded arms,
And billowed wealth of charms in charms.
My Lady lifted through the mist
Of snows, by sweetness to persist.

Say'st thou, dear Heart! that life is cold?
Doth loneliness thy form enfold?
When thou shalt live for her alone,
Heaven's Perfect Good shall be thine own.

In sacred thoughts, all crystal clear,
But cold as wreaths on Nature's bier;
In quickening powers, that nerve the will,
But load the sense-life with a chill;

In silent, solitary ways
Of paths made bleak by man's dispraise,
That Perfect Good forms to thy form,
First as the snow-cloud from the storm.

Then, for the pureness of her gift,
Shall rise the Good, as heaven to lift;
And while her joy-birds in thee sing,
Reveal the Lady of the Spring.



16.

ISSA-LILY: DIANA.

She bore a song-horn on her breast,
And sweet as honey-dew,
Her odor-breaths the music blest,
When for the morn she blew:
As Dian, huntress of the West,
My Lady met the view.

Enrobed in silver light she stood,
Calm o'er the dying day:
The crimson vapors rolled their flood,
And met the shadows gray:
The lilies of her womanhood
Shone by sweet bosom-play.

She dropped a lily to my feet,
Beamed, smiled and so was gone.
I journeyed through the night, to meet
The dawn-lit horizon;
But there I found my Lady sweet,
Leading her Bride Band on.

She wove a wreath of silver pearls
Out of her white attire;
She twined it for her banded girls,
Through rays of golden fire:
The sun-mist rose in radiant whirls,
And orb'd that bridal choir.

Then Lily, from the blossomed hem
Of her translucent dress,
Shed perfumes, that are named by them
As 'love-in-blessedness.'
God's glory, for a diadem,
Illumed each sparkling tress.

Upon her face she wore a light
Of wifely triumph so:
The morn arose from hight to hight:
Then day came with a glow.
Of Saviorhood, as by its might
To bless the world below.

17.

LIVING PURITY.

Sweet, sacred Purity, thou art
So dear unto the Savior-Heart
That, for thy bride-gift, He bestows
The ever blooming passion-rose.

The One-Twain Holiness in thee
Makes wedded immortality.
Flower, blossomed in the Savior-field,
Man hath not known thy worth concealed.

Where thy celestial florets cross,
Death finds no place, nor age, nor loss.
Thou Purity, no eyes but thine
Have seen of God by Form Divine,

Well may thy image wear no stain;
 Thou dost behold the One-in-Twain:
 The one-twain righteousness therein
 Lifts man, assoiled from death and sin.

18.

SORROW-FLOOD.

From morning's birth to evening's close,
 I saw the sable stream of woes,
 The human heart that overflows,
 Through darkening shades move on.
 From its cold waves methought the cry
 Of souls, pierced deep for misery,
 Broke in my bosom with a sigh,
 That bade all hope 'begone;'

Wailings of mothers, by the bed
 Of honor lost and virtue fled,
 In offspring, by the lust-life led
 To crucify the years!—
 They bear not most of human pain,
 The heart's blood of the race who drain,
 Living for self and lustful gain;—
 Not theirs the cruel tears.

They suffer most who love the best;
 Who toil that God in man may rest;
 Whose lives in others' lives are prest,
 As grapes distill for wine:
 'Twas thus the Martyr of mankind
 Bore, in heart's heart and mind of mind,
 Till round his form, the God that shrined,
 He felt the death-snake twine,

Temptation still through pleasure grows:
 The asp is hidden in the rose;
 It stings, yet with the dying close
 Of music on the breeze.
 Shrewd Nature makes her subtle play,
 Leading mankind into decay,
 By soft enticements that array
 Deceits in harmonies.

The bubbles vanish while they gleam;
 To bitter turns the pleasant stream,
 Flowing as some melodious dream
 That charms the siren's bed;
 Yet for the cruel joy that kills,
 But first for gladness leaps and thrills,
 Men drift by ease from ills to ills,
 And die, yet seem not dead.

Again I lift my staff, and hold
 Up to God's heart for courage bold,
 That I may stem the waters cold,
 Where griefs by floods abide.
 So would I gather life, to nurse
 Children of anguish and of curse,
 And by God's better stay the worse,
 Where else the soul had died.

Evil by conquest multiplies:
 Full soon the victims victimise.
 So the oppressed as tyrants rise,
 To load their kind with chains.
 No Evil in mankind abates,
 Since, if it dies, it generates
 Organic treacheries and hates,
 To pierce the planet's veins.



I sought in verse to find relief
From the cold stream of human grief,
But waters form upon my sheaf,
 Where golden grains should be.
Help me, O God! still giving grace,
To hold and serve Thee in the race,
Till earth its blessedness embrace
 And grief expire for Thee.

19.

THE CHILD IN THE CROSS.

I saw a Child of grief and tears:
He stood beside the battle biers,
And made a crucifix of spears;
 Then in it stood and smiled.

My heart was kindled as the sun,
For glory of the Shining One:
God's joy was made mine horizon,
 And in it beamed the Child.

All states of man, from birth to death,
Survive in Him: a word, a breath,
Draws Christus back to Nazareth;
 His infant mind appears.

So He is perfect, form by form,
To fling Himself into the storm,
And minister for courage warm;—
 The Child amid the spears.

20.



WOMAN RUINERS.

The feverish mind of man
Whirls around Woman, as the frenzied moth
Around the blazing taper, quivering
From passion mixed with agony; and where
Death surges on him, 'tis the woman's fire
In Nature-fire that smites him for the doom.—
I saw a man who lived upon the spoil
Of Woman's loveliness; his vampire heart
Was all alive for her; his ravenous eyes,
Asleep or waking, drew to meet her flower.
All atheist in spirit, yet he made
A vail of thought from her to fold his brain.
She fed the fancy and the sentiment;
So he enriched himself and energized,
And made his name a power, and so at last
Conceived himself a Splendor of the race,
The ripened fruit of its intelligence.

He died;
Then crept, as from the belly of a snake,
A worm with feet and hands, but yet a worm.
So he commenced to live a second life;
But now his passions were changed utterly.
The ruiner was ruined; she to him
Was made a Terror, and he fled her sight:
He fed himself out of obscene old men,
And hung in secret on their foul discourse;
And thought himself transposed in sex, and made

A wasted, withered, dry man-prostitute.
He rotted down from this and lay at last
As a mere cadaver, sans eyes, sans nose,
Sans sex, and with it every human thing;
The ghost even of his own deformity.
So end the extreme ruiners who dare
The Woman Word and violate Her seed.

21.

SAVIOR-CHILD.

I met a changeling in the street,
A wasted boy with withered powers;
But, when I turned his eye to meet,
A Golden Child, enrobed in flowers,

Shook rains of odors in my face,
Then vanished in the crimson glow:
'Twas the Child-Savior of the race,
Through outcast orphans moving so.

Reviving still His childhood's form,
He enters now by mystic doors,
And weaves Himself into the storm
That sweeps o'er childhood's broken floors.

Unto the last, unto the least
Of all the little ones He moves,
For vigors in the heart released,
For quickening thoughts and deathless loves.

As in my occult toils by night
I press through streets of human woe,
My courage lifts, the way grows bright,
The Golden Child beholding so.

22.

THE SECRET CHASM.

I saw the Mother of our mankind,
Borne through the mist of Her passion-wind,
And scattering joys that formed as flowers,
Then dropped from the bosom that holds her bowers.
They melted, as odors from living rains,
To enter man's heart, to find his veins;
To penetrate so, and diffuse, and shed
Force for the toils where Her warriors tread.
But o'er my vision a roseate light
Was opened, and She, by her name, Delight,
Shone in my face full warm and sweet.
My heart leaped up as to touch Her feet,
And I felt the thrill of Her gliding force,
As the jet of a stream from its fountain-source.

She opened a well in my heart to flow;
She kindled a thought in the mind to glow;
So I entered, by strength, through a chasm riven
As from earth's hell to the shores of heaven.

In that dim labyrinth are bound
Electric Powers like Titans crowned;
Some as the earthquake, strong to rise;
Some as the cyclone, ere it plies.



Amid them all was a murmuring,
As winds awaken to call the spring;
And undertones of impulsive glee,
As of living billows that shape the sea,
Whose multitudinous tides untwine
For the overflow of force divine.

There, as my lips grew soft and wet,
Hyacinth, tuberosé and violet
Seemed in the warm, sweet air to meet,
Feeding the Powers, and from the heat
Of the mighty cavern showed wavy wings,
Whose plumage was rayed for eyes and rings
Of swift, electric fires enwoven.
Where the great paths were illumed and cloven,
They turned with a motion that made suspense,
Yet held in its form by omnipotence.

So I beheld that the end of Ill
Leads on by a motion sublime and still;
Till the rings weave forth, and the motion then
Moves by a whirl in the breaths of men:
For the lungs of mankind shall lift no more
By the strength of self-life that they held before;
They shall lift alone where the call is heard
And the joy is felt of the Bridal Word.

I turned in the chasm, amid the rings,
For the joy of the dance was in the wings;
And forth from the light of the gleaming eyes
Came hopes and fulfilments and ecstasies;
And forth from the passion-buds where they fell,
Joys that no language we know may tell;

Joy from the Mother's heart that well,
For babies unborn in Her blossom-bell.

I felt therein, as a man may feel,
Of the multitudinous powers that wheel
In the Mother's Word, as She comes to press
The saved of the race to Her loveliness.
I sing as the river-bud yet might sing,
Where it floats on the wave of its billowing,
Were its odors unbound, for lips to say
Of the life that holds in the river's way.

If I have borne to mankind a grief,
'Tis a seed from the flower named 'heart-relief.'
If I have touched as the wild bee stings,
Follow me on where the Bride Bird sings:
Follow me on, where the hives of glee
In gardens of Lilistan ope for thee.

23.

RETIREMENTS.

By Chastity in chastity,
The sister-band leads forth to glee,
Clad all in silver purity.

She leads the force of manhood's fires;
Exalts, renews, illumines, inspires;
Sheds blossomed wealth;—but so retires.

Then deeply fold the sacred powers;
Gathered as to the Mother's bowers,
For sacred and mysterious hours.



Then manhood moves to vigorous play,
And in his labor weaves the day,
As fruits mature from blossoms gay.

If woman's word-life sanctifies,
She must at times o'ervail her eyes;
She gives by wisdom, and denies.

She holds her way betimes apart,
That riches from her social heart
May flow through man, to field and mart.

By innocence through innocence
She feeds in man the social sense,
And he is gifted to dispense.

She brims for blessings on the land
Of manhood, by her social band;
Wreathing the life-rains from her hand.

So he is filled to overflow,
And she is veiled within the bow,
That he may ultimate below;

And fit and form, as works assign,
His being an imperial shrine,
Till she again for joys untwine;

Pouring her splendors from their hights,
For a new summer of delights,
Whereto the Bridal Word invites.

24.

UNDRESS IN LILISTAN.

Silence in Lilimola's hall;
White vails o'er crimson curtains; all
The splendid lights to odors fall.

The gathered fragrances that fed
The social-manhood are dispread.
The flow that made a garden bed,

By wealth of bloom to lift the feet,
With touches of aromal heat,
Gleams like the lakelet's silver sheet.

Pure calm, as of a lady's breast,
Folded in purity to rest,
Reigns where the dancers thrilled and prest.

Here, whilst I mused, my Lily came
And said, 'I call, I cleave, I claim.'
Then led me through a water-flame;

So to a deep and fragrant dell;—
Retreats, wherein the ladies dwell,
Evanished from the social bell,

And for their own chaste mysteries meet.
Her gold-fire passed through form to feet:
In the cold morn I rose complete,

As a white flower from buds unweaving
 For new achieving, new believing;
 A pain-growth sure, but not a grieving.

Three ladies from their grotto slid
 And drew me as a chrysalid;
 But Lily laughed as she undid

My annual skin; I shed the coat
 Of the year's labor, as to float.
 The lilies grow, but take no note

Of how they shall renew their dress;
 They are content with loveliness;
 Content in bliss, for bliss to bless.

So then my sweet wife slipped her skin;
 Shedding the old year, so to win
 The new time's blessing, and begin.

25.

DRESS IN LILISTAN.

The lovely robes that ladies wear
 Flow through them first as wreaths of air.
 Came then a 'Lady of the Care,'

Whom Earth would name as 'dress-maker.'
 'If the Queen please,' said she to her,
 'What costume does your Love prefer?'

I said to Lily, "May it please?"
My maiden from her billowed seas,
Robed in white cloud of bosom-ease.

Her lady of the wardrobe wrought
With subtle hands, the life-cloud caught,
And soon, as fashioned to her thought,

My own one stood, most like a queen,
In fleecy robes that held the sheen
Of morning: crimson, gold and green

Flashed through the vails of snow-drift lace:
Love's new-born year was in her face,
And its warm wealth in her embrace.

Jacob peeled rods, as Jews believe,
That Laban's ewes might so conceive,
For lambs his fortunes to retrieve.

My Lady laughed, in such attire,
'Is this peeled ewe to your desire?'
Her bosom rose in golden fire.

Whate'er the gifts our Loves dispense,
We hold them near to heart and sense,
In holiness by reverence.

Woman in heaven is to us made
A revelation, all arrayed
In pureness of her Word displayed.

Out of her life's new mystery,
A sacred awe encompassed me,
The Mother in this child to see.

26.

THE PESSIMIST.

' Nature her ruins loves to fold
In beauty: she dissolves the Old:
Toiling beneath the tent of stars,
She drapes her wounds and smooths her scars.
She for a deluge drops a tear,
Then weighted empires disappear.
The weary continents she slides
Into the vortex of her tides;
With dim Lemuria laid asleep,
Or lost Atlantis in the deep.

' She crushes like the hills of ants
Great shrines of aged hierophants.
Majestic Peoples lived and wrought,
Whose story is a vanished thought;
Whose works have perished, like the grace
And sweetness of some withered face.
The cultured men of modern time
Fancy that earth is in her prime:
Theirs is the swarming hive, that hums
Over the dead milleniums.
'Tis with the great as with the small,
She fashions, then effaces all.'

Thus thought to me the Pessimist.
I answered, "Yea, but you have missed

The central fact in all this story
Of perished might and vanished glory.
All o'er the vestiges of years
Man's work as ruin still appears;
For man his work did never lift
Through Woman's architectural gift."

He answered, 'Where is woman's brain?
Man leads, she follows in his train.'
I said again, "Man leads: the wreckt
Old Ages he could not protect.
Her Genius is Protection: still
She holds the cup that man would spill.
Nature chimes in with man's endeavor:
He plants, he builds, but ruins ever.
Did woman's worth in manhood live,
Nature for him her art would give,
And triumph in a race, made free
For social immortality.

"Man slew the Christ, who, but for this,
Had shown Man's power in Woman's bliss;
Renewed in prime while centuries rolled,
And ruling for the Age of Gold.
There is an instinct in mankind
The Social Genius aye to bind,
And never in his thought to see
The Practical Divinity.

"The social fire that Hellas held
His base, contentious passions quelled.
The flame that rose o'er Zion's hight
Was stifled by the Israelite.



Men slay the prophets who would lead
 The Pure Ideal for their need.
 Sect, class and party strive and plan:
 Man wears away his fellow man."

27.

THE ADEPT'S WOMAN-LORE.

Woman in man is strength to serve;
 Is fire of heart and force of nerve.
 The wisest of the Adepts old
 Fashioned a verse, for her to hold;
 This, 'Woman is original,
 But man prosaic to the full.
 Her holy form of life and bliss
 Still makes the man's antithesis.
 As you observe in Lilimo',
 Sometimes the amorous couples go,
 Gliding by grace of form-in-form,
 Each to the other blithe and warm;
 Yet neither, in the full of glee,
 Invading conscious privacy.

'Thus, in the primitive design,
 The sexes for God's wreath entwine.
 Still what I am she may not be;
 Where I am vacuum, full is she;
 And the o'erflowings of her fill,
 Transport and lift, enthuse and thrill;
 Exalting thus each manliness.

'So, if I pray, my God comes down,
 Entering my being part by part:

I fill as does some lonely town,
 When angels throng the court and mart.
 And, all made blithe by loveliness,
 The stately streets and bowery shades
 Are gay with bridal cavalcades.'

I answered, "Sweet it is to know."
 He spoke again, 'I overflow
 Into her wantness; it is good,
 As when the sun-fires fill the wood,
 And dance and sport and gleam and thrill,
 With glories of the God to fill
 Each dim, sequestered, lonely place,
 Crowning with blessedness the space;
 Till joys that lay asleep in dreams
 Rise, like the coy nymphs from the streams;
 Or, from the fragrant, budding trees,
 In sylvan choirs the dryades.

'See this! the girls have eyes in eyes,
 That open for our ecstasies;
 Yea, lips in lips, that rise and swim
 For blisses till the eyes are dim;
 Bosoms in bosoms, lifting so
 As charm-waves in us interflow:
 But, when at last we are content,
 Ensues an infinite event.

'We rise in them; they rise in us;
 They beautiful; we glorious.
 So from those dear, delicious hours,
 We poise to God transfigured powers.

'Oceans are we, with mutual tides:
 The bridegrooms overflow the brides;

But when we set their shiores below,
Ladies in turn make overflow,
And we are lifted in the sea
Of their divine felicity.

‘How glows each lithe and lucid limb!
The bride saith, ‘God is strong in him.’
With flowing song I fill my breast;
The bride saith, ‘God is rapture-rest.’
I kindle to heroic might,
Formed in the confluence of delights;
Then, laboring with my social men,
They say, ‘God shines in him again.’

‘Day is redeemed for gifts that bless;
Woman is made redemptress.
We rise by morn, fed from her glee,
With a young immortality.
Thoughts, powers and loves alike are shed
From her renewing bridalhead.
Marriage, where Hymen is the priest,
Completes not by one nuptial feast;
For deeper unities ensue:
The love-gifts of the Lord renew.

‘She who first wreathed by folded bowers,
Who kissed, diffused in odorous showers;
The maid, the bride, the wife, in one,
By mantles of enrichment spun,
Gives flesh in flesh and soul in soul.
As being free yet in control,
We enter, by the Woman’s Word,
For joys unknown, for truths unheard.

‘Our now is made the evermore;
God is our continent and shore;
Yet still our manly continent
Is formed in woman’s element.’

28.

THE BRIDE OF THE GOLDEN KING.

I rise where the Night is dancing
For joy o’er the holy plains,
And weave by the star-fires glancing,
For melodies born of pains.

I enter through doors of crystal
The house of the Bridal Word:
Then greets me a white-robed vestal,
The priestess of the Lord.—

‘Come, thou besought and waited,
Where Ladyhood glows for thee!
Come, as with honey freighted
Returns to its hive the bee.

‘Come thou, as beams that darted
Through clouds that are full for doom,
Return to the Golden-Hearted,
The sun and the source of bloom.

‘Come thou, from griefs that capture
Young loves of the Mother led;



Come thou, where seas of rapture
Make tides from Her bridal bed!

‘Come, where thy Love awaits thee:
No more with the sorrow strive:
Enter by gifts that freight thee;
Make one in the Social Hive.

‘Tis here that the vistas open,
That lead to the World of Charms.’—
She beamed when the words were spoken,
She lifted her warm white arms.

She bore me beyond the portal
Ne’er by the earthly trod,
And I stood, as a child immortal,
In fragrance whose Flower is God;

A form as of limpid sweetness,
Dropping to breast from mouth
Spices, that make completeness
From God, as the Summer South;

Glowing and aye distilling,
Wreathing the frame, alit
By flames of the life infilling,
From Her who is Infinite.

Who shall find words to fashion,
Who shall form voice to sing
Of Her who is Bridal Passion;
The Wife of the Golden King?



VIII.

'Lest Nature perish!'— So the Voice I heard.

'Tis terrible the goodly earth to see,
Stored with precipitations of the Word
For its rich realms of occult harmony,
And set beneath heaven's azure canopy,
To reign for gladness like some beauteous queen,
Exalted in the fair humanity
Of brotherhood and sisterhood serene;—
'Tis terrible to see her form a-trembling lean

IX.

O'er the dim precipice, where naught survives
But floating germs and molecules of space.
She is a bubble; all her power derives
From one small shape, less than a human face:
Within that shape the centric lines embrace
That touch toward the orb'd circumference.
It quivers like a wounded thing; I trace
Its hold maintained by energies immense,
As when an anguished worm survives through pains intense.

X.

That Voice! it was the cry of lamentations
From the Form Spirits, beings who respire
Where, in the planet's heart, the emanations
Of the Creative Word make frozen fire.
The mighty Twelve feed there to full desire,
Wreathing the planet's orb'd, material shell.
They play by quickening ardors midst the choir
Of chemic forces, that are woven well
Through all its breathing lives, and men who in them dwell.

XI.

‘Shall Nature perish?’ they behold the term
Of its extreme endurance drawing nigh.
The staff of the world’s life is all infirm,
And wasting of its virtue silently.
Hence is it that I heard the awful cry,
‘Lest Nature perish!’ in their fiery wheel,
They look, to hold the atoms lest they fly;
For gravitation aye they fold and feel.
If gravitation fail, death shall the orb conceal.

XII.

Hearing the Voice,—which was no voice, but yet
Something far greater than a voice indeed,—
An Awful Woman, dripping fiery wet,
Flamed from the vortex, whilst I gave full heed
And motioned where, most like a slender reed,
The quivering staff was swaying on its stem.
She knelt to stanch, that it no more might bleed,
Till fire-tears, trickling to her azure hem,
Bestained her through and through, from robe to diadem.

XIII.

And then I saw this thing:—’tis Saviorhood
Wrought from the Word, made flesh in man to bleed,
That holds our planet from the final flood,
And, clasping Nature for its time of need,
Sustains the central powers that still recede.
’Tis Saviorhood, that in each annual round,
By extreme labors of the passion-deed,
Yea, even as dying in its deeps profound,
And issuing new, arisen, sceptered, enrobed and crowned;—

XIV.

'Tis Saviorhood, through all the planet growing,
 As the tree's life within the seeming tree,
 Averting, purifying and forth-flowing,
 That saves the orb, till some great hour shall be,
 When Nature, in the Word-life lifted free,
 And in it born again and sanctified,
 And hallowed for divine humanity,
 Shall rise;—the crystal city of the Bride,
 Wherein the sons of God, with Him in Her abide.

XV.

I feel the world's heart throbbing to mine own,
 This awful night, when powers upon me press
 Too great for sufferance, and my words intone,
 Striking upon the tingling silentness,
 As if they reached by echoes, to express
 Heaven's vast solicitude in Nature's grief:
 Then She who leans toward earth, its Borderess,
 Whose Rose-Star meets mine eye in glimpses brief,—
 Extends encrimsoned hands, as burning for relief.

XVI.

A kingly Adept of that planet, Mars,
 Projected by the solar-psychic sense,
 As when some telegraphic nerve unbars,
 And spoke as saying, 'Brother Eminence,
 Our orbs move to the touch-place; I dispense
 A wisdom: there is hope: from many vials
 Aromas of relief to ye commence.
 She who is Word is moving through the trials;
 And He-She then shall rule, where God-One met denials.'

XVII.

'Tis a quaint idiom, obviously framed
By some great adept distant from our style
Of human speech: a ray of splendor flamed
Far-traveled, touching to my brain the while;
And then I felt, as 'twere, a billowing smile
From vast, enrapturing Sister Bands afar:
It seemed the people of that Orbéd Isle
Sought walls of holy Woman to unbar,
And flood to our Earth's heart the vigors of their star.

XVIII.

Why is it that the minds of Christendom
Like scattered sparks to liberty unbound,
Wreath radiant in the intellectual dome?
Art, science, ethics, a new fire have found.
The hungry People, like a snake, has wound
About the limbs of those who sit at ease:
Society is shaken to its ground:
The Proletariat, as the risen seas,
Chafes on each golden shore, where gleam the palaces.

XIX.

That social yet unsocial creature, Man,
Is feeling into Woman, reaching stores
Of latent thought-force; woman from her wan
Negation, from her aged hurts and sores,
Is seeking occultly to find the doors
That open through her to the Mother-Mind.
She will distill the odors from Her floors,
And weave them to a fire-cloud: every wind
Shall waken for Her voice when Christa cries, 'unbind!'

XX.

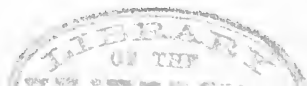
Waits for the orb no natural cataclysm;
No indiscriminate destructiveness;
No plunging of the race for baptism
In cruel seas of anguish and distress!
As when the bride loosens each fragrant tress,
Then folds in godliness for lying down,
Divinest Christa, full for blessedness,
Her radiant tresses shall for shade discrown:
Then shall Her darkness form, by clouds that wear no frown.

XXI.

She will have Peace, but not as man has given.
She comes for peace; the peaceable shall be
Enfolded in Her raptures for their heaven;
Bosomed to Her as stars upon the sea;
Yet they who strive shall vanish utterly.
Her kindest, sweetest touches come at last,
For in the end Her full felicity
Finds consummation; finds it in the vast
Joy of Her new mankind, freed from the evil past.

XXII.

This new mankind shall be the bridal bed
Where Savior, one with Savioress, shall fold,
From infinites of blisses aye forth-led,
While evening crimsons and while morn makes gold.
One manhood and one womanhood shall hold,
By social worth, the Word in their embrace:
Then, where so long funereal bells have tolled
O'er dying nations perishing from space,
Their joy shall be for seed in an immortal race,



XXIII.

As thus I sing, scales drop from off mine eyes,
And lucid tear-drops o'er the iris shew;
Then form to warm, sweet lights of ecstasies,
That melt to odors:—I have sorrowed so,
Weaving the sacred verse to words below,
Pressing as to the points of many spears,
'Tis hard to look for hope: till She bestow
The crown-gift of the long, laborious years,
Even Hope before me glides, clad all in visioned fears.

XXIV.

And so mayhap my human weakness veils
Full oft the splendor of the storied page,
Pictured when still the sense for languor fails.
My songs are joy-birds in a shadowed cage.
How can I shew of God, mine heritage,
Unless the mind, the sense, transpose to bring
Eternity upon this mortal stage?
How can I give the life-flights words to wing,
When every hour I meet approaches by a sting?

29.

ISSA-LILY.

'My life, my joy, my spousal king,
My lift, my love, my gifted glee!
By day, by night, my wreath I fling,
And all its bloom takes tints in thee.

‘My star, my flower, my staff, my spear!

I hold, I compass, I entwine,
Till day is night, and night is dear,
And dearest night makes joy divine.

‘I star my star, I flower my flower,
Till flower-wreaths for my star disspread;
Till heavens of bliss are made my dower,
From one small rose of bridalhead.

‘My crown, my comfort, my repose,
My peace, my rapture and my rest!
When woman’s wealth to full bestows,
The sun shall darken o’er the west;

‘And in the dark the violet lights
Ascend as from the Mother’s well:
Then Paradise shall wing by flights,
And chime in thee her marriage bell.

‘I dare, I dance, I touch the gloom
That round thy weary pathway lies.
With thee I dwell within the doom,
Full-formed as are the virgins wise;

‘The seven wise virgins, with the lamps
A-trimmed and shining in the hand:
Thus glide I through the gathering damps;
Thus lead I to the Marriage Land.’

She wrought a tender strain that wooed
A stream of quiet through my pain.

She touched my lips for bridalhood,
And closed upon me as the main;

Breaking as with a wave of rest,
Through bright and silvery attire;
So in her billows charmed and blest,
I vanish as the words expire.

30.

REDEMPTRESS.

'I know that my Redeemer lives!'
Did the Arabian sheik confess?
The ages, those gray fugitives,
For nations no such faith express.
My heart is wasted, anguish strives.
For Human Ill comes no redress,
Until we hail, as hope revives,
Redeemer in Redemptress.

O Woman! wert thou but as God
Thought in thy archetypal plan,
Malice and treachery, force and fraud,
Would not ingerm their seed in man.
Thou wouldst not live to crown and laud
The knaves who, with their serpents, span
Thy blossomed waist, and so maraud
Till misery claims thee, weak and wan.

Thou wouldst not hail the prating priest,
Yet spurn the sisters from thy stores;

Nor make thyself the wanton feast
Of robbers in their golden doors.
Thou wouldst not pander to the beast
Who riots on thy sacred floors;
But call the Bridegroom from the East,
And rise for Him from seas to shores.

‘Redeemer’? yes, men think they know,
But partial knowledge makes a cheat.
The best of men wear shrouds of snow,—
All winter-bound from head to feet.
The wives and sisters, who bestow,
Diffuse at most a dying heat:
Nature has risen to rule them so
That insect joys within them meet.

I stand upon the pregnant shores:
Those billowy breasts suggest the sea.
Man from the wife whom he adores
Reaps sadness and satiety.
Gold-violet fruits in ashen cores,
Hold poison of the deadly tree.
O grief, O shame! God’s Heaven deplores
To Earth that such an ill should be.

I touch the chaste Redemptress,
In crimson heart and crystal brain.
This womanhood She would possess,
And by it lift mankind from pain.
Rise, Woman! be not mistress
To wrath, and rapine, and disdain.
Form to thy social holiness:
Else human life is all but vain.

XXV.

In the beginning God created Man
To be at one with Woman, so to form
Just Commonwealths, and all his orb to span
With Social Peoples radiant as the morn:
But woman led to earth a woe forlorn;
She taught her bosom to disunitize,
Till man exalted, from below, his horn,
And made her, in her turn, a sacrifice:
So woman is a slave, and man the tyrant dies.

XXVI.

Yet new beginnings for the planet glow:
A fire-wave kindles in the Woman's flood:
So revolution lifts in man, to shew
A fiery visage: Empires that have stood,
While ages their profane career pursued,
Proud for his arts, embattled by his arms,
Splendid for gold but dripping all with blood,
Shake as the dotard in his last alarms:
The woman-sea that flows dissolves by occult charms.

XXVII.

A tenderness is flooding in the air,
That yet takes aspect by ferocity.
Woman's deep bosom throbbing everywhere,
Makes a vast ground-swell in the human sea.
Mankind is folded in anxiety
For that which all men feel is coming soon;
For that which shakes the palsyng hand and knee;
For that which brings e'en now a partial swoon,
As when the shade first steals o'er the eclipsing moon.

XXVIII.

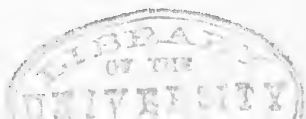
There is an unknown factor in events,
Of which the prisoned mind cannot discern:
A silent power o'erspreads the continents:
Man's vigor fails as woman's ardors burn.
The Genius rises from her heart, its urn;
It grows to huge proportions, like the mist
When the strong sea-winds to the shores return.
Custom and creed and caste in vain resist:
The lips of a New Time the dreamy world have kissed.

XXIX.

Thou Helia-Helios, Goddess-God of morning,
One-Twain in whom our Christa-Christus stand;
Beatifying, lighting and adorning
The luminous and planetary band;
Thou for whose touch the orbs as buds expand,
Filled for corollas of the human twine;
By word-staff gleaming through the blossomed wand,
Yea, by the passion cross of life divine,
Ye make a shadow now, enecrimsoned all as wine!

XXX.

Therefore the sun displays in wondrous beams
Of golden-violet, seen by occult eyes,
And so comes on the tender night of dreams:
The lights are crossed, as made man-woman-wise;
While, for the sound of misery and sighs,
All the night long, when sleep in silence flows,
Haste calm forgetfulness, or memories
That hold young blisses in the aged woes,
As lights and forms of heaven, that glimmer through repose.



31.

CROSS AND ROSE.

Red lights of Passion's crucifix,
 They form upon my breast.
Mine eyes toward my Love I fix;
 She stands in crimson drest.
Through silvery beams she glows and gleams,—
 My Lady of the West.

'Tis morn; yet to my sight 'tis eve:
 I love my lady so,
My heart its sweetness to relieve,
 Lifts round her feet to flow.
Her powers enzone, they thrill mine own,
 I rise to meet her glow.

The red cross on my breast! it flames;
 I burn with anguished fire.
Clad am I with the crimson shames
 Where Love's lost girls expire.
My crucifix upon their lips
 I press till they respire.

Open Thy flood, Thou Mother Sea!
 Then through their bosoms give
Ardors of pure divinity:
 Uplift them till they live.
My cross I bear, my shame I wear,
 Till man for them forgive.

Forgiveness grows in woman's heart;
On gift she sets no price:
Ever to blossom and impart
For her makes paradise.
Thou Mother dear! uplift, appear,
As floods through winter ice.

I press my crucifix again;
Now in my breast it bleeds:
Mother, thy women plead for men,
Though slain by their misdeeds;
The dying whore upon her floor
For man's forgiveness pleads.

Forgive those wandering boys of Thine,
Dear to Thee as thy girls.
By seas of purity entwine,
Recrown them for her pearls.
Lead sex through sex till heaven bedecks,
Where now the death-storm whirls.

I press my crucifix; it grows
Beyond me and I stand,
As formed in Thy red passion-rose,
With lilies in my hand:
I weave of them, to diadem
The coming Sister-Band.

All that the One-in-Twain create
The Muse must still reiterate,

Till echoes, lost to men,
Vibrate from heaven again.

She who within me thrills and glows,—
Girl floret from God's Passion Rose,—
Breathes from my lips to say,
'Let Sisterhood array!

'Woman is haunted by alarms;
Till Sisterhood her life encharms,
She prickles into strife,
Pierced by the sister-life;

'By sister-life! misborn, mistaught;
Its passions into poisons wrought,
Till love, by its inverse,
Leads jealousies that curse.'

'Yet I am jealous,' Issa said.
'Where serpents would invade the bed,
I search, I sting, I kill:—
This is the Mother's will.'

'Thou shalt not lose, frail, feeble girl,
One sacred lustre from thy pearl,
Where Issa has a way
To shield, or save, or slay.

'One gold-gleam of thy fragrant tress,
One lily of thy living dress,
Shall not be lost or sold,
Where Issa's hand may hold.

‘I shame to see the serpent dart
From woman’s heart to woman’s heart:
For woman’s grief I see
No cure but unity.

‘Hardest of lessons yet to learn!
How soon depart, how slow return,
Through what persistent strife,
The gifts that make her life !

‘As through her deadly cold I reach,
Not mine to censure or impeach;
But woman’s life of bliss
Lies low in the abyss.

‘Though dear to her the private ties;
Though sweet the customary unities,
The snake that Christus trod
Is made her household god.

‘Man by inversive custom rules.
Women, as timorous prating fools,
Their own great law disown;
Its Word they disenthroned.

‘Still hers must be the couch of woes,
Till social union makes repose.
She breeds through toil and tears
Men who make hurt as spears.

‘No woman should of man receive,
Save as in God her heart conceive:



No woman meet a lust,
Save as by dagger-thrust;

‘No woman with man’s will accord,
Save by the holy Mother’s word.—
Alas, but she is frail!
A flower tossed on the gale.

‘She cannot cope with sex-desire,
Till God for her make passion-fire,
And so the snake consume
That folds into her bloom.

‘She cannot to her queenhood fix,
Till she the Social Crucifix
Uplifts through all her bands,
For splendor o’er the lands.

‘She cannot with contentions dwell;
Their name is death, their form is hell;
First they invert her powers,
Then slay by lingering hours.

‘In vain for her the priestly rites,
The weakness that her sense delights;
Religion’s luxuries;
Their sentimental ease.

‘Stern to resist, strong to command,
With fire of heart, with force of hand,
Let Woman socialise,
And end her miseries.

‘Man should not enter to her ways,
Save as she opens for God’s praise;—
 Man would not, did he feel
 The motions of her wheel.

‘That wheel! as where the systems move,
Star circling star, as love in love,
 The motions of its ring
 Would draw mankind to bring

‘All wealth of worth that he creates,
And heap before her palace gates
 The planet’s gift of gains,
 Atoning for her pains.

‘That wheel! its calm centered force
Through man, as in the river’s course
 The gathered streamlets flood,
 Would fill him with her good.

‘All Woman’s deathless gifts are made
In one red flower to be displayed,
 Wafting from lands to lands
 The joy-life in her bands;

‘All hearts of Woman made to thrill
In her diviner social will;
 Whence man from God is fed,
 Tasting the Mother’s bread.

‘Then no such little ones as those
Who perish where the outcast goes,

Shall kiss, with dying lips,
To Christ for crucifix;

‘Yet say, ‘God claims me for his own,
But sisters to the last disown,
And scorn me still, while yet
My lips from His are wet.’

‘Small flower of Woman’s chastity!
Uplift to heaven, be made a tree;
Then shed thy lilies all
To grace her Social Hall.

‘Display, diffuse, exalt thy blooms:
By her pure fragrance close the dooms,
As when the death-scents fail
For God upon the gale.’

XXXI.

The forms of man are paralyzed and hoary,
Before the ruins make an outward show;
Within they oft appear disrupt and gory,
While yet the surface gives the healthful glow;
And some are darker than the ethiops go,
Who yet are fair and ruddy on the skin:
The heart may be a cavern deep; the flow
Of bitter waters, brackish with their sin,
Breed poison in the veins, yet none the insight win.

XXXII.

Many there are exulting in their health,
Who yet are rotting trees, a-nigh the fall.
The sense may teem with fiery sexual wealth;
The passions dance in their embosomed hall;
The lusts invade, infest, disease, enthrall,
Yet they are as the worm before it dies;
Rotting to yield their substance for its pall:
As in its gleaming ring the serpent lies,
There is a fire within, that for its ruin plies.

XXXIII.

I met a man most venomous, most base,
Most treacherous, yet with illusive art,
Claiming to hold such ladies in embrace
As dwell in heaven's chaste bower and royal mart,
And wear the colors of my Lady's heart.
I saw within him, coiling fold by fold,
A woman serpent, armed with sting and dart;
Exuding through his skin envenomed cold,
Yet gleaming in his brain, by lines of sparkling gold.

XXXIV.

In the man's jaws were fangs as dragon's teeth,
And for his eyes, on woman so to fix
And penetrate to her most sacred wreath,
Vile, sensual orbs of asp or basilisk.
Within his breast, for the red crucifix,
A black cat made an image, and her spew
Distilled through every orifice, to mix
With every respiration that he drew,
That he might breathe on man a deadly magic dew.



XXXV.

In the man's mind, as in a panorama,
All scenes of modern life their pictures blent ;
The court, the field, the opera, the drama,
The gay pavilion and the soldier's tent,
And crowds of images their fiction lent
To beautify or terrorize the stage.—

One said anear me, 'Mark the last event !'
Forth drew his Lamia from her secret cage,
Masked as the golden queen of some supernal age.

XXXVI.

She gathered from disguise, alert and prying,
And made a hand that lifted up a spear ;
Then held awhile, as if in strife of dying ;
Then died, but did not wholly disappear ;
Dissolving first as parting souls anear
With holiest looks, that cause the heart to ache
With longings for the life that saints revere ;
Then fading to a lustful wanton's shape,
Expiring at the last a polecat, yet a snake.

XXXVII.

Alas, that man, so goodly in his powers,
Should be the breeding-place and burial-ground
Of the gorged wanton who her sex deflowers !
Yet multitudes of earthly men are found,
Holding a transient empire that is bound
Within the limits of their own decay.—
Hunter of womanhood, thou human hound,
Spoiler of nobler manhood for thy prey,
Hath thus thy lamia failed ? so thou shalt disarray !

XXXVIII.

One led a bear who held a tambourine,
 An occult beast from some enchanted wood;
 Trained to such feats as adepts may begin,
 When they would work an end for human good.
 The bear played merrily; awhile he stood,
 Then nosed the tainted air, as if he smelt
 An enemy a-nigh his solitude:
 He shook for rage within his furry pelt;
 Then rose, distilling fires man's nature-soul that melt.

XXXIX.

Then the bear tracked his foe with eager feet,
 And I beheld no more; but this I know,
 Safer it is the cyclone's whirl to meet,
 Than occult beasts who on such warfare go:
 Full many a mighty man hath been laid low,
 In the huge power and pride of his renown.
 They paralyze the heart with blow on blow;
 The brain is deadened, and the man lies down:
 The grave is made his throne, the worm entwines for crown.

XL.

There is a plethora of revelation:
 Some play at adept as they game at ball.
 They dream,—the brain-sick, moon-wise generation,—
 That Heaven but serves the wonder-seeker's call.—
 Thou who didst spurn the wormwood and the gall,
 And then thy shadowing eyes didst lift to fix
 Upon the Father-Mother of us all,
 Thou dost not lift Thyself, our Crucifix,
 That heaven should ope to man, by vile, magnetic tricks.



XLI.

Heaven opes through heroes, sages of mankind,
 Gifted, from the beginning of their germ,
To form complete in hight and breadth of mind;
 To stand in heart than Hercules more firm.

While man is but a coiling nature-worm
She plays him as an ape, to imitate.

Truth, from its cause-world onward to its term,
Seeks men in whom the Genius serves the Fate;
Their fiery words wing forth, new ages to create.

XLII.

The savage is a natural visionist;

 But so the cock has visions of the hen.

An Adept held a bird upon his wrist;

 He spelled the fowl and it spoke wisely then;

 Made of its bill as if that were a pen,

And a small picture-writing so enscrolled.

The Adept said, 'Think they God's voice to men
Comes forth as where our hands the parrots hold?
God, who is Very Truth,—not so doth He unfold.

XLIII.

'But if God did, earth would see many changes;

 The talking beast upon the ways would tread,

Taking on priests and schoolmen brave revenges;

 Dropping strong words in idioms of the dead.

 The very ass might speak as pedants bred

In libraries, who feed upon the past.—

 Yet see! the crimson heaven fades from its red;

'The pleasant weather, but not long to last,'

Has come and gone; the lights in other lines are cast.



XLIV.

'Here we have talked about things magical,
Or curious or strange, before the snow
Of outer death is shaped in the aërial,
And ere the drowsy wind begins to blow
That follows in the sequence, swift or slow,
To make a quietude and lead release.
See the pale cumuli! behold, they grow
As if white doves formed forth by wings of peace.
Take comfort in thy heart, grow strong, let care decease!'

XLV.

The sacred adept, Heaven's wise messenger,
Touched by his word-staff to mine own and gave
A secret message, of one Lucifer,
Who lives on earth, yet darkens for the grave.—
A man by magic may his pathway pave
For seeming triumph and a base success,
But the Dread Powers that he would so enslave,
Use of his curse awhile, for ends that bless;
Then leave him for the doom, in darkness and distress.

XLVI.

Knowledge is in the world of many things,
But the true wisdom is not yet increased.
When woman's will no more the sister stings,
When the girl's folly makes no gossip's feast,
When with her babes no more she feeds the beast,
Then Wisdom shall her milky breasts bestow;
Then saved mankind, from greatest unto least,
Shall for the woman's worth enkindle so,
As if he woke in heaven, and met God's face aglow.

33.

VIOLET.

I turn in the crimson spires,
But the red light leaves my hand,
And my feet shew violet fires
Where I touch the earth and stand.
Dear violets, blue and white,
I meet them for delight:
Their eyes hold sleep and night.

The cross of passion-fire
That forms to my breast grows wet,
And I touch where I respire
The small sweet violet;
The dear, the dainty flower,
Born where the love-dews shower
Soft in my lady's bower.

I turn in my crimson ring,
But I feel no more the fire
Of the Bride Word's passioning,
Nor its cloven warm attire.
Dear violet! let me creep,
Folded so deep, so deep,
As in thy heart asleep.

34.

FAIRY VIOLET.

A tiny lady of the rock,
In violet hood and silver smock,

Smaller than lights that dance and rise
To mothers from their babies' eyes,
Approached me; with a dainty pen
She touched my heart, and there and then
Traced words, by art as fairies write,
All violets in silver light.

A violet wreath enfolds a star;
The silver points for letters are;
The words are in the silver twine,
Displayed upon the violet line:
'Be calm, be strong, be still, be deep:
Transposive gifts glide on by sleep:
Transposive truth will form anew,
As silver light in violet hue;

'Transposive virtue, soft and sweet,
Open by words, the mind to meet;
Transposive vigor flow by wet
Of violet in violet.
This is the flower of rest-from-pain,
Named also as the joy's-remain.'
She touched her silver smock, to shew
To the arched instep from the toe.

35.

ISSA-LILY: LADY VIOLET.

A great, white girl before me stood,
In silver gown and violet hood.



The tiny lady, with a dart
Of silver-azure, sought the heart.
So, from my deep repose, I met
The Lady of the Violet;
The large, white girl, complete for all
The gifts that fill but ne'er enthrall,
With bowers of violet in her eyes,
Where such small folk have paradise.

By mystery in mystery,
As through the violet fire, I see
The perfect world of woman's good,
Enwrought in Issa's ladyhood.
She met me with her laughing arm,
Warm, fragrant, slumberous; wrought her charm;
Then held at length a shining pen,
And with it touched my heart again.

So rose before my larger sight,
In violet on silver light,
'Forbear, forsake, forget, forgive!
In Issa-Lily fold and live.'
So from the words of fire, that burn
With fragrance of God's bridal urn,
My brain is dipped, all fragrant-wet,
Transposing in the violet.

By words like these I fade and fail,
As blushes, when the brides grow pale,
For silver lights that on them fall
From Night's mysterious azure hall;
Yet murmur, ere my lips forget,
'God's Violet, my Violet!'



XLVII.

There's nought of evil in this world of woes
That might not be transposed for providence,
Did but the Bridal Word in one disclose
From the deep spirit to the utmost sense,
And dwell in him, one-twain, aye to dispense.
I know, because I am! Were there a band
In chastity's divinest innocence,
Pervaded by the Word from heart to hand,
God's paradise might rise, and as a flower expand.

XLVIII.

But woman, woman! there the hindrance lies;
Not for misdeeds,—her evils might transmute
And raptures bloom in place of agonies,
Till from her summering grew golden fruit;—
But man, of woman always in pursuit,
Enchants her by his custom, and she drinks
Of him till her deep flower chills to the root,
Dormant within its germ; in man she thinks,
And travails in his path, nor from the ruin shrinks.

XLIX.

Woman from man cannot be extricated;
She wears an o'erlaid structure not her own;
The silver lily-bulb is overplated
With his precipitates, as cased in stone.
The great free Woman, Issa, caught my tone;
She said again, 'The bulbs awake, they stir!
For the deep heart holds vigors not its own:
In man's hard earth, their bed and sepulcher,
The sacred Mother breathes, to lift and disinter.

L.

‘Custom itself is magical, and Woman
Has one veiled sense that shores the occult world.
The vast inversive manhood is her foeman:
Around that sense his poisonous force is whirled:
There the corolla of her soul is furled.
Still, as among the dying girls I go,
Like bolts from the clenched hand of Winter hurled,
I feel the hard precipitates:—the woe
Formed by man’s motioning force on woman strikes me so.’

LI.

She touched; a line of silver-violet flame
Rose from her heaving bosom; with a look
Of pathos in her eyes, the mind to claim,
That bosom opened as God’s holiest book.
She spoke in tones as when the flowing brook
Ripples for joy, ‘Behold the woman’s moon;
Her orb, invaded by the serpent’s crook,
Her plexial organ, all for gifts bestrewn;
Mankind holds woman there, in one long, deadly swoon.

LII.

‘She is not made to drop her wealthy clusters,
Like vines o’ertaken by the wintry hail.
She is not made to vanish from her lusters;
By years decrepit, wasted, worn and pale;
Deflowered of charms that did her life envail.
Man’s worm is in her, eating to the root
Of her best being: ’tis the male, the male,
Consuming till her powers are dissolute.
He sweeps her quivering strings till all the chords are mute.’

LIII.

I held to Issa, being in deep grief:

Then through my plexial band her own she drew,
And said again, 'Here is the woman's sheaf,

Wherefrom, in God-time, glorious harvests grew.

Look at me!' From her bosom's might she threw
A rain of virtues, corn and oil and wine,

By their best essences; then by the dew
Of precious odors, mingling so with mine,
Her sympathies flowed in, through every vein, divine.

LIV.

'Behold,' she said, 'the paw of man, as beast,

Is in the summer organ of her life:

He holds her there; nor is she e'er released.

A momentary thrill in maid or wife,

Perchance, may hint to her what powers are rife,
What latent organs fold within her frame;

But the beast paws her, and she holds in strife
And chafes and frets:—the beast pursues his claim,
Until the shape we see is woman but in name.

LV.

'So ruin forms upon her life, to blister

And stain and sting, till she ingermes disease
Where, but for man, the Bridal God had kissed her,

Harping through all her chords for melodies;

The Bridal Goddess oped her springs to seas
Of pure enrichment, ever to create

For man full health by calm felicities,
Till he should reach the last transposive gate,
Even as our Father rose to life's eternal state.



LVI.

‘But woman! she is helpless, even to save
One small sweet nook wherein her violets blow.
By man her essences with time deprave,
And his corruptions breed as worms: they grow
To poisonous fungi; through her flesh they throw
Great feeding roots, and the infectious leaves
Are opened in her bosom, withering so:—
To man returns the deadly plague he weaves;
The Adams, poisoning first, are poisoned by their Eves.

LVII.

‘Woman is Venus’ fly-trap, flower that catches,
Drawn to its small corolla, summer flies,
Then ends the life by innocent dispatches;—
The nectar clogs upon him and he dies.
The sex takes vengeance on its enemies,
By one remorseless law in Nature’s force;
If woman perishes, she yet supplies
Heredities that through the ages course:—
The Commune yesterday in woman’s wrath had source.

LVIII.

‘Or good or evil, in her last extreme
Woman is Nemesis; as Fate she plies;
Ruin and victory disclose the gleam
Of her strong bosom and her glorious eyes.
Buried for ages in her grief she lies;
Her frail made wanton and her firm made slaves,
Where creed and custom chain by sorceries.
At last by secret floods through man she laves;
The Church a ruin falls, the State that ruin paves.

LIX.

‘Little by little Woman has unwound
In the last century, and man has led
Paths to new empires, all in Nature found,
But wrought no crown for God and Goddesshead.
Woman, who aye holds to the People’s bed,
In her communal sex-life drips for woe:
She multiplies her seed, and they are fed
But from the gleanings of the harvest-shew:
Her bosom lifts at last, in man to overflow.

LX.

‘So man divines her but as Revolution;
He feels her as a secret, swelling sea;
Then prates of scientific evolution:
Tyrant at first, fool to the last is he.
The factor of imperious agony
In the great Womanhood, suppressed, denied,
Evades his questioning. Holds man the key
To the vast realm wherein the fates abide?
The labyrinth is dark, ’tis closed till Woman guide.

LXI.

‘And Woman! man has slain her in her gifts.
These are but phantoms, these luxurious girls;
This who as golden Aphrodite lifts;
That with Minerva’s helmet o’er her curls.
Rise they, all glorious, in their passion-whirls,
With heaving bosoms and with eyes of fire?
The death-spear, not the life-spear, holds and hurls
This womankind, whose gifts by time retire;
Their lungs in Nature’s death, their feet in manhood’s mire.

LXII.

'Their eyes illume not for the sacred chrism:
 Their hands lift not to bear the holy grail:
 Their breathings ope not to the heart's elysium:
 As wandering corpse-lights on the marsh they fail.
 Time but repeats the old funereal tale:
 The Racial Round has crises known of yore:
 The mystic Goddess of the folded veil
 Her Form must ope, through woman-man, the door,
 Else races perish now, as perished they before.'

LXIII.

O for one taste of the divine Event
 Before the darkness, that my heart may burn!
 O for one hour within this shadowing tent,
 Ere Heaven and Earth and Hell as dancers turn,
 Whirled in the round together, and the urn
 Of Nature with the fire-breath overflow!
 Still for one hour, thou MOTHER, ere I spurn
 These dull environments that load me so;
 From Woman's worth to feel, the Woman's way to shew.

36.

SOLILOQUIES.

The air is filled from woman's joys, that fail
 Like scattered bride-wreaths, borne upon the gale,
 Till occult eyes might see the halls and towers
 Draped as for doom by those dead marriage flowers.
 Not thus it is, I know,
 In lovely Lilimo':

The nuptial wreath twines through Love's annual bowers;
Then buds anew for powers.

Where the young farmers drive their buxom wives
In gay, fresh-painted carts,
All blushing from their rural fineries,
I see, till sight departs:
For present time shows future through mine eyes,
Till the new-wedded belle,
The conscious beauty, from her bridehood dies,
Surviving as a shell.
Shrewd Nature plays sad jokes
For those young country folks;
Their buckets soon rise empty from the well.

The married kind are in conspiracy
With Nature, and they simulate a glee,
Put on for out-of-doors.
The apples of their sweets hold bitter cores.
Heart-hungers wake disease:
Heart-ache is there before the hungers tease:
Good woman of the household, free from blame;
A saint; yet Saint Pandora is her name.

His Chloe and his Phœbe felt,
Then Paul made words of fire to melt
As holy inspirations from his pen.
The saint loved woman; could his life be writ,
Sages would smile, and worldlings have their wit,
And priests be jolly then.
He was a zealous man,
But knew not how a lady's waist to span,
As touching to the flowers
Wrought from God's marriage bowers.

He met the waters of the Word; they dried
Upon his lips, that touched not to the Bride.

Superb enthusiast!

The heavenly vision oft before him passed:

It was not his to stay:

His feet had never found the Woman's way.

The vital revelation lives in Christ;

The rest, part love, part wrath,

Lies in the field His feet imparadised,

But as the aftermath,

Grown while the Bridegroom Sun

No more made Summer bride yet horizon,

And, leaning from her arms,

Wrought the gay landscape glorious in her charms.

Deep Scholar, so perplexed

About the sacred text,

Look to thy deeper heart from such alarms.

Seek, till the One-Twain fire thee,

Love in thee and inspire thee,

Yea, seed thee, as an earth-field of their farms.

Lift from thy heart's abysses

Islets for swarded kisses;

Then shalt thou hold a faith no critic harms.

To man, transposed, life is all revelation:

In God he finds his home:

Nature to him is but an emanation.

No more to grieve or roam,

The human honey-bee for rapture darts,

Finding his nectar in the Heart of hearts;

And so for kindness dwells,
Heaping the wealthy cells
Where, in God's Garden Land,
The Social Kingdoms band
Like golden hives, beneath the Word, their dome.

37.

THE DAWN OF MAY.

Delicious April glides away,
But reappears in fragrant May,
Wafting from lips all ripe and good
The odors of her womanhood.
Sweet Past in sweeter Present holds,
Where man in woman forms and folds:
Seasons through seasons weave and wing
For Love's eternal marriage ring,
And circling years, through heaven that glide,
Round by their motions in the Bride.
The womanly sweet architect
Is in their loveliness bedecked;
Man tastes in them, by charm in charm,
Her glowing lip, her thrilling arm,
And the year's footsteps have their way
In rulings from her gentle sway.

Blessed were man if Womankind
Knew but her own deep social mind;
Knew but her own great social heart;
Knew how its virtues to impart.
Blessed were man, could he but arm
His powers in her ascensive charm;



Live, labor, love, adore, transpose,
 Folded in her from dawn to close.
 How mighty man, could he but feel
 The impulse of her social wheel,
 Calm, gentle, moderate, wisely free,
 Rounding for immortality!

38.

HOLY MARY—BRIDE OF MAY.

The great round girl! I met her smile:
 She led a Lady by the hand,
 And said, embracing her the while,
 'This Love Girl came from Mother Land.'

Shy, modest, serious, downcast eyes
 Lifted, as Issa named her name,
 And I beheld with sweet surprise
 The Virgin Mary, known to fame.

But Issa laughed and kissed me kind,
 Then murmured, for the joy of her,
 'How the relationships are twined!
 Lo! in a sort my grandmother.

'Of God and Goddess I came forth;
 Proceeding in their endless time:
 I dwell for joy of woman-worth
 In the eternal passion-clime;

' Yet Father-Mother were entwined
 In this sweet woman's orb of glee:
 This was the outer court that shined
 The germ that held Divinity.

' And still, while I behold her face,
 Chains of affections wake and stir:
 I feel the ties of time and space,
 And then I love my grandmother.'

" Issa?" I said. My thought she held,
 Then flung it back, as if a ball,
 By arch-enchantment rayed and spelled,
 Grew to an orb and royal hall.

'Issa!' she said, 'and she has won
 Your silent question; answered thus,
 God through this virgin's life took on
 All that made old time glorious.'

All summer-sweet, pure Mary stood,
 Then, from her full, disclosive breast,
 Led forth an infant red as blood,
 Crimsoned as by the dying West.

She kissed it till her lips were lit
 With lights of silver-violet fire;
 Then in her bosom gathered it,
 As day might vanish from its pyre.

But Issa led my thought along,
 Through cycles of the heavenly years;

Until I travailed with her song,
As a young mother bathed in tears.

39.

SONG OF ISSA.

‘I am the Joy King’s glorious daughter!
By airs of my loves in play,
I sing how the gift the Sun God brought her
Made Mary the bride of May.

‘He lay in her lap for the bridal blisses;
He claimed her, His golden girl;
Her violet drew from His raptured kisses
A seed for its dewy pearl.

‘In the processions of life eternal,
He entered her bosom so,
And folded there by a charm supernal,
As babes in the bell may grow.

‘For still the Infinite, purely human,
Infolds to its smallest seed;
Woman in Man and Man in Woman
They change as the ages need.

‘And She whose Heart in my heart is heaven,
Whose Sense in my sense is earth,
Was folded for joy in the Word-Babe given,
And grew in His form to birth.

‘Did Helios near till His raptures caught her
 Warm for the gift divine?
 Have I not shewn to thee the daughter?
 Has not my joy been thine?’

40.



CONFESSION.

Issa-Lily in my bed
 Gave to me full bridalhead,
 More than any earthly wife,
 To the last effect of life;
 Soul of flesh and flesh of soul,
 Full to yield and to control;
 Not in any visioned trance,
 But by outermost advance.

Living in this hourly dying,
 Never to man's wrath replying,
 All forgiving, all forbearing,
 Even to this in life's long daring
 By the God-path I am led;
 And perforce reveal the story,—
 Daughter of the One-Twain Glory,
 Issa-Lily in my bed:
 So to this I make persistence,
 Through inversive earth's resistance,
 Living on as being dead.

41.

ISSA : MIRACULOUS CONCEPTION.

She held my hand in her firm, warm grasp,
As the fiery gravitations clasp;
Gentle and tender, calm and still,
That not one drop of the song might spill.—

‘The God-Word touched with His own bright flame,
And the virgin knew bridehood, but knew not shame;
She opened to Him her woman’s flower:
Form after form He involved her bower
By imminations most tender and sweet.’

‘Surely,’ sang Issa, ‘it was complete;
For lo! in this virgin’s life I see
The boy-babe, warm in his house of glee;
But still before that, as a bridegroom bold,
The God-Word, splendid for lucid gold,
Saying to her, as a groom might say,
‘This is My treasure, My bride of May.’’

Holy, all holy wert Thou below,
Christa, our Mother, involvéd so;
Woman of woman and Man of men,
Seed within seed in the bloom-bell then.
Taste to the lips that have never failed:
Feel to the heart that has never quailed:
Sweet is the story, more sweet than song:
Strong is the story, than earth more strong:
Pure is the story, than heaven more pure;
Long as man liveth it shall endure.

42.

SONG OF ISSA.

‘I am the Joy King’s blissful daughter!
 For bliss of the gift I spell,
 Mine arms uplift in the fiery water,
 That brims from the Mother’s well.

‘The lips of my love are caught to kisses,
 As buds to the warm, white spring,
 And doom shall chain in the dim abysses
 Bound by the endless ring:

‘Bound by the God-Word in him spoken;
 Bound by the powers that cling;
 Bound by the fires my lips betoken;
 Bound while the ages wing.’

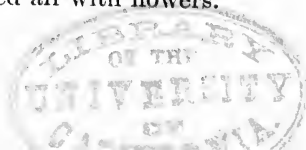
43.

CONFESSION.

Sorrow is sweet from lips divine;
 Great sorrow in this verse of mine.

Here I perforce confess,
 In anguish of distress,
 Of God’s own Preciousness,
 Made as a bride to bless.

Well! be it so; these april hours
 Pass but return for star-lit bowers,
 Opened when morn, by powers in powers,
 Leads the young May, crowned all with flowers.



So I will be for service gay,
 Holding with Gladness on my way,
 Formed of red earth from Adam's clay,
 Yet wrought the Word-Flower to display.

I grew from Annie's blossom-bell;
 I lived of Mary's Babe to tell:
 The God-Word is my citadel,
 Though shadows fold me where I dwell.

44.

THE SONG OF MARY.

Maid Mary sang to me,
 'I am a virgin now, and I was then,
 Whilst I embraced as bride the Man of men
 By sweets of chastity.

'My Lord was made my groom,
 And I conceived of Him, in Him below;
 Yet did He fold, by blisses in my womb,
 A Word-Babe there to grow.

'And I did kiss and fondle in mine arms
 Babe Jesus as my child;
 Yet through my frame, by infinite sweet charms,
 The Lord, my Bridegroom, smiled.

'In such deep mystery my life was hid.'—
 She kissed to me, and said,

'Thou knowest of wonders in the pyramid:
To Egypt we were led.

'There Adonai glimmered through his frame,
And touched me to the breast,
Till my child Jesus taught me how to name
The Word, and gave me rest.

'Sure I was but a simple hebrew girl,
Songful, devout and gay,
But my boy Jesus taught me how to whirl,
And also how to pray.

'For I feared Jah exceedingly before,
By terrors of his rod,
And knew that Israelites had named me 'whore':—
But I conceived of God.

'Surely I was no wanton of the streets.
They made my name defiled;
They said I caught a devil by my heats,
And Jesus was his child.

'Therefore, when I revive the memories,
A red babe, all a-flame,
Shows as a picture through my breast to rise,
Painted with crimson shame.

'Sure it was very hard; but Jesus grew
My comfort year by year.
He was my boy, and soon no more I knew,
Than that I held him dear.

‘And but for that he was a noble youth,
And held me free from ill,
I might sometimes have feared a serpent’s tooth
Had pierced, without my will:

‘But Jesus said, ‘My mother was a bride;
God’s bride; for this avouch the angel host.’
So he affirmed till he was crucified:
My story is my boast,

‘That I, a woman, did bear God for seed,
And in my seed-bed hold
The Word, from whom all human germs, indeed
All heavens, their life unfold.’

I said to Mary, “Sweet, I know of this;
Israel, from shore to shore,
Cries yet that ‘Jesus grew from the abyss,
And Mary was a whore.’

“Yea, still wherever Jew and Jewess lip
And in their lust beget,
Hate holds them in its fiery fellowship;
They spawn from Nature yet.”

Mary replied, ‘Yet there are noble men
And women, hebrew born.’
I answered, “Yea, but Israel is a den,
Where brutes hold Christ in scorn.”

45.

THE STORY OF MARY.

Man is so little, so infirm ;
A sensual ape, a reasoning worm ;—
And yet a word-seed in his germ.

I said to Mary, "Sweet! the Christ
Who all thy life imparadised,
How was it he was circumcised?"

She answered, 'Joseph thought it best
To cover up our shame, and test
The Infant by a custom blest.

'If he were God-seed, then indeed,
Though he for that sharp knife might bleed,
No greater evil would proceed.

'But, if from magic he was born,
The circumcision of his horn,
Would close his life, and end our scorn.

'Dear Joseph! but a man was he,
Well versed in Israel's piety,
Yet much in doubt of God and me,

'As well he might; he loved my skin;
Was glad a fresh young girl to win;
But sometimes thought there might be sin.



“How do I know?” one night he said.
 I answered, would God I were dead:
 But my boy Jesus held my head.’—

What honesty of artlessness
 Was in the Hebrew maid’s address!
 What cruel memories of distress!

Gossips and priests that old world led;
 Had there been journalists inbred
 For Jewish scandal, faith had fled.

So from our sight sweet Mary flies:
 ’Tis Issa leads her for the rise:
 In Lady Land she lifts her eyes.

46.

THE LESSON OF MARY.

Still Woman is the architect.
 Pure Mary held her flower erect,
 In virtue sweet and firm.
 Yea, so might woman hold again,
 Did she for God endiadem,
 And trample on the worm.

Dear flower of Woman’s chastity!
 This manly heart is glad for thee,
 And dares in thee to boast:
 The fragrance of thy violet
 Breathes for immortal virtues, wet
 From God the Holy Ghost.

And I am glad that I was born
Of ladyhood, though here forlorn;
 And I shall ever praise
The Father-Mother while I wing,
Lifted in God's Enwomaning,
 To endless bridal days.

Yea, till my powers are all a-gone,
Woman, I am thy champion,
 Thy true, chaste-hearted knight.
I shield thy cross upon my breast;
For thee I set my lance at rest,
 And with thy foeman fight.

If then perchance in this I fail,—
Christus of old did not prevail,
 Save in the shadowed space,—
For thee I give my life's last powers,
I consecrate my sunset hours,
 And fold me in thy grace.

LXIV.

'It is not good for man to be alone;'
 Yet man in secret hugs his loneliness.
There's a false instinct in him, to disown
 His manhood's deeper lore, and seek redress
 From the huge evils that his life oppress
By stern compulsion of his best desire:
 He will not, dare not, does not, love and bless,
Believe, achieve or suffer or aspire,
But by a lonely life, quenching his thirst with fire.

LXV.

There is a way of ease!—it is not true
Life's yoke is easy and its burden light,
For those of this wrecked planet who pursue
The stainless pathway of Ideal Right.
The easy way's by temperate appetite,
Calm, quiet moderation of self-lust,
Prudent and shrewd self-love and self-delight,
Wise compromise, self-wisdom to adjust
A mean 'twixt best and worst, the just and the unjust;

LXVI.

A seeming closure of the eyes to vices;
A skill to artificialize the life;
To hold from occult states, that no surprises
May wake the secret powers in being rife;
A state of strife and strife, not over-strife:
By these the man pursues a guarded round;
He seems not to deprave, or to deprive
His being of the goods in Nature found:
He keeps the moral law, yet is at heart a hound.

LXVII.

His is the savagism of the center;
The native wolf as modified to cur.
He will not force the way, but he will enter
Where fraudulent Custom gives to follow her.
He will not own his house a sepulcher,
But palace, temple, atelier or mart;
Yet he will dwell therein as Lucifer,
With the self-gratulating, carnal heart:
He lives not in mankind; its worths from him depart.

LXVIII.

Now, were man grown but from a seed of Nature,
 A reasoning and clairvoyant animal,
 An elementary, made so to feature
 The unity of Nature's common all;
 Freedom impossible, yet fate no thrall,
 This were the path of his sagacity;—
 An instinct clad with reason, rise or fall
 Perpetual, but as the heaving sea,
 Of which he is a drop, should move in him to be.

LXIX.

The law of Nature is convenience;
 Hold what you have and gather as you can:
 But Nature adds a fictile moral sense;—
 'Keep the wise customs that the ages plan;
 Lag not behind, move not before the van;
 Arrange thy lines to fit the moving sphere:
 Thou art but semblance; imagery began
 And dissolution ends thy brief career:
 Appearance as thou art, in goodly style appear!'

LXX.

Word-seed in Nature-seed! and yet the latter
 Immense for potencies that hold and sway;
 That soothe, that shape, distort, alarm or flatter;
 The word-seed tempting so to disobey
 Its law, and glide in Nature's easy way;
 To form its life in Nature's lower plan,
 Its nobler outlines all to disarray;—
 The tempter and the tempted thus we scan:
 The self-life holds and twines the germ of real man.



LXXI.

The word-seed lives by God's enwomaning;
All-Mother, holding to the smallest germ,
Glowing and gliding, gleaming, glimmering
With living waters, thrilled for loves that burn;
Yet cool with floods that from their fountained urn
Touch with a tingling impulse more than ice.
The word-seed finds, by flowing and return,
Virtues in that full sea, that minimise
And moderate and warm for gifts Her Life supplies.

LXXII.

This is abstract, yet make thy mind abstraction:
Coerce the natural instincts that resist.
All that thou art for being's noblest action,
By structures that for deathlessness persist;
All that thou wert, by sweetest lips that kissed
For the Word's-joy, but not for self-delight;
All that thou shalt be, when thy being, blissed
In God, for God, to God makes final flight,—
All grew in likeness-forms, made great from that small sprite.

LXXIII.

Now look with me! thou shalt not look in vain.
Once in thy mother's pearl 'twas thine to be;
But in that pearl-house thou a word-seed, fain
To live in time from its eternity,
Didst weave thy life a little form of glee.
A deeper pearl from the starred fieriness
Of Her who is the Lady of the Sea,
Grew through Her life to shape thy pearl for this:
Thou to thy pearl didst glide, as by the wafted kiss.

LXXIV.

So thou didst enter through the holy arch
That opes to nature-sense and nature-mind;
For thou wert bent to travel on the march
To personal one-twainness; so to find
Thy full humanity, and so unbind
The potencies God-wrought for thy career,
By deeds of freedom's worth, to man assigned,
That thus he may outgrow the nature-year,
And rule in all her powers; aiding his kindred here;

LXXV.

Within them, with them, building harmonies
By the Word-given loves in social sway.—
Is this abstract? Wake there no secret glees?
I would call forth thy inmost by the lay.—
Shall I pursue the theme?—If so, array
Thy mind in chastity to its extreme:
Enter the mystery of the passion-play:
In that still hour when Life is most supreme
And joy most animate, for thee Sex did but dream.

LXXVI.

The good of earth was folded in thy mother;
That good with heaven thy father sought to fill;
But the diseases our mankind that smother
Swept by a secret mist of fire and chill,
And Nature held and bound thy mother's will.
Seed wert thou, in thy father's seed-purse then,
But folded in a manikin, that still
Makes image round thy likeness; and again,
Thou for the mother's pearl didst leave the little men.

LXXVII.

So wert thou, from thy dwelling in the Word
And its dominions, to live earth conveyed:
The manikin, he was thy ape, thy bird,
Thy organism all of nature made.
Thou, tiny brightness! didst assume the shade:
'Likeness and image, did Lord God create
Man for the earth,' so ancient Wisdom said.
The seed of Word, entering the mortal gate,
Put on the natural life, by folded form and state.

LXXVIII.

Here then we are, deep in the origins.
Bear with me; word-seed in the earth-seed grew.
Word-seed,— for whom the nature-ways are sins
Where they oppose his sense of good and true,
His high, fraternal, altruistic view,
His instinct of the chaste and kindly right,—
Dwelt in the nature-seed, swift to pursue
And strong to urge for natural delight;
By pressure to coerce, by pleasure to incite.

LXXIX.

If two souls live in the same body-house,
But one may rule; the other must obey.
If two are twined in bands from feet to brows,
And disagree, but one will have his way;—
You lead, I follow, or the opposite sway.
This makes the warfare in the human breast;
For there is warfare, till the soul of clay,
Or soul of word-life, the dominion wrest,
And shape the destiny, as wholly base or best.

LXXX.

From origins we enter the processions;
 Topic of spaces and eternities;
 Road-way of exaltations or depressions.
 Word-child in Nature-child! what bitter cries,
 Inflictions of alternate agonies!
 The false and evil of the one, the other
 Hails for the good and true; each claims the prize;
 The breaths of one the comrade's life would smother,
 Yet they are soul in soul, brother in seeming brother.

LXXXI.

Now, Brother, I have found thee! here thou art,
 A word-seed, made a living man intense,
 Truth-loving mind, yea, God-desiring heart,
 Seeking the word-life for thine eminence;
 Finding in Faith its own sure evidence;
 Lifting and striving for the pure divine.
 I call thee, Brother! shadows deep, immense,
 Obscure this outward scene, but I am thine,
 To point the way to HIM, to HER, our Source and Shrine!

LXXXII.

For I have conquered, though perchance the wound
 Of the dread conflict leaves a lingering scar.
 Yea, I have conquered, and my brows are crowned
 As when the thorns bear jewels of the star:
 And I have forced where Nature's breaths would bar;
 And, by the word-staff, holding fast and firm,
 I touch the Living God, whose seed we are.
 Though I came forth but as a wingéd worm,
 I bear God's likeness now, nearing mine earthly term.



LXXXIII.

Brother! I claim thee for the Brotherhood;
 The sons of Him whose presence maketh day:
 I claim thee for the holy Woman-Good;
 For Sisterhood in whom Her will is way:
 Clasp in my hand a hand of gentler sway:
 It claims thee for the wifhoods that enwand
 Their blossoms in the Bridal Word alway:
 Thus we two-one do claim thee for the land,
 Where Father-Mother weave one-twain the social band.

LXXXIV.

Brother, our faith is knowledge! as we grew
 From word-seed, human lilies in God's field,
 She rose, the Mother rose, and blossomed through
 Rains of Her odors, by such powers revealed
 As are within these star-flowers here concealed.
 Brother, thy Lily too, thy rapturing girl,
 Waits in this path, where Love makes sun and shield.
 Seek thou thy pearl of price, though terrors hurl:
 Meet on life's billowing wave the Lady of the Pearl!

47.

THE PESSIMIST.

I met our old-time Pessimist,
 Still pounding with his logic-fist
 On Nature for his drum;
 And quite assured, though somewhat trist,
 That the eternal nothingness
 Began and endeth life's long stress,
 Because no God had come.

He said to me, 'Look you, the strife,
The agony that men name 'Life,'

Ends with desire to live:
We bear and suffer all we can:
Ever 'tis Nature's law in man
For her own ends to give.

'Life is illusion; nothing comes,
Where young love beats the passion-drums,
But streams of empty sound.
We court and kiss and woo and wife,
For Nature would renew her life
By an eternal round.

'They clasp and cuddle and beget;
But blisses, in the cares, forget
That ever they were sweet.
'Love,' as Spinoza well has said,
'Between the sexes born and bred,
Is titillating heat.'

'Out of the tickle come the sighs,
The moonings and the rhapsodies;
But, when the couples bed,
Nature befools them: soon they find
Their lives from joyance disentwined,
After the babes are bred.

'Not for the individual
Works Nature; for the racial
She plays her subtle arts,
Cheating the sexes by a dream,
As if she held divine, supreme
Delights for counterparts.

‘Byron, whom I at Venice knew,—
His mistress my attention drew,
And he was drawn to mine,—
Thought with me, ‘what a glorious cheat
Is woman, sweetest of the sweet,
Till we have pressed her vine!’

‘All of the splendor of Romance,
The Drama’s kindling countenance,
The Poet’s raptured lay,
The coarse, hard fact environ still,
That every Jack must find his Jill,
And Nature have her say.’

I answered him in words like these,
“What you call ‘love,’ I call disease;”
But he for scorn replied,
‘Nature is all, and all in all:
The beauties fade, the pleasures pall;
In mistress ends the bride.’

I answered him “How so?” he shooed,
And cried as in a jolly mood,
‘The goddess Nature woos
The male; then the enchanting maid,
Half amorous and half afraid,
For wifehood he pursues.

‘But, when they tie the fatal knot,
The god-like ape finds one small spot
Wherein to plant his seed,
And but the same illusive sport
He had with girls of common sort,
Who take man as a steed.

‘And so I prove these ‘holy brides,’
For all their shames, for all their prides,
 Their sacraments divine,
Are just what I and Byron found,
Bewreathed, beruffled and begowned,
 At Venice, on the brine.

‘For Nature plays deceptive tricks:
The bride-wreath and the crucifix
 Both serve to work her will,
As the old fools, once blithe and gay,
Grow obsolete and pass away,
 New fools the world to fill.

‘There is no remedy I find,
For sorrows that oppress the mind,
 But one; that is to give
Our being into nothingness,
And from our souls to dispossess
 The will, the wish to live.

‘Oblivion only shall unthral:
The acme and the end of all;
 The close of joy and pain;
The utterly unconscious sleep;
Our dissolution in the deep
 Whereto we fall as rain.

‘This the wise Israelite foresaw;
This Buddha taught as in his law:
 This way the gospel plies.
The fictioned legends find an end,
When men, by whom shrewd Nature penned,
 Discover that she lies.

‘Duped by the cruel Nature-play,
We men push out, to swim and sway
 And seed upon her stream.
We rose but as the vapors gay
From exhalations of decay :
 We vanish as a dream !’

Grand Pessimist ! wise Nature-seed !
The reasoning ape might thus indeed
 Illumine and discourse.
Through other rounds, to other ends,
The Word-seed grows, aspires and tends ;
 In God he has his source.

Still the two systems contradict
Each other ; in the heart afflict,
 And in the reason smite.
We know, they ‘know’ ; the thinking ape,
The image in the human shape,
 In nature holds his light.

So, if he can the Word-seed bind,
He desecrates its nobler mind,
 He prostitutes its heart.
Then, from the chaos of her gifts,
The grieved Ideal veils and lifts ;
 The Guardian Fates depart.

LXXXV.



I cannot find in all the partial scriptures
Of the semetic cult one serious page,
To lift the soul into those perfect raptures
That vanquish death; transpose, transform, assuage
The agonies of pain, and quell the rage
Wherein the evils of mankind unite
To make our life their endless heritage.
All scriptures have two elements that smite:
As Nature-play and Word-thought they make fight.

LXXXVI.

For scriptures have their seed-bed in the brain:
They grew by lifted, concentrated powers.
The Mind, a mother, still brings forth through pain
Word-thought in nature-thought: she wreathes her bowers
Of wisdom, as in dim, pre-natal hours,
The human germ is wrought, and thrills and warms;
Bound in the caverns, lifted on the towers,
Scarred by the passions, tossed upon the storms
When good and ill contend, the Genius thus performs.

LXXXVII.

Precedes the perfect scripture perfect man!
Did Jesus fashion words that burn and bless?
He oped a secret channel, aye that ran
Deep in the soil where man made wilderness.
Let us be strong and brave! let us confess
Those were but germs of statement, wafts of spray
Cast on the storms of wrath and bitterness,
Where old Judea knew to curse and pray,
And bastardize from Truth in Falsehood's arms away.



LXXXVIII.

Christ, as a Teacher, stood on the defensive,
Shielding his thought; Himself He could not be.
Pure, vital, valid, noble, comprehensive,
Just, generous; sexual as the vital sea
That holds the passion of Divinity;
Rounding the life-path through the occult ring;
His time-force holding from eternity;
Yet shewed He forth from all His blossoming
Its first and least of flowers, a germ-point of the spring.

LXXXIX.

He was cut down and withered as the grass,
Ere the Gold-Lily of His Life uplifted,
And, bright as morn through seas of flowing glass,
The Savioress through Savior spelled and gifted.
Into the vortex of the doom He drifted,
As borne within the cyclone's deadly arms.
The snows of the world's chill upon Him sifted,
To winter-kill His flower-wreathed Form of Charms.
Earth's Evil smote Him aye, for palsies and alarms.

XC.

The Infinite Full Seed! the world's Pomegranate,
Holding in flesh, all vital and aglow,
Germs for divine creations, that the planet
Should live and flower for while ages go;—
Faith's Faith, love's Love, art's Art, they filled Him so.
In His vast pregnancy new æons bred,
Awaiting still by radiant rounds to shew;
But the fruitions of His nuptial bed
In Christa's bosom slept; impearled in Her they fed.

XCI.

We listened to the Pessimist: the hairs
Of folly on the philosophic ass,
By logic pointed, magnified to spears,
Puncture the sensitive young souls that pass
Where, hungry still for human flesh as grass,
Dead hearts, like Schopenhauer and his crew,
Build systems of negation: they amass
Like pyramids of worms, to veil the blue
Of Faith's Ideal Heaven with clouds that deaths drop through;

XCII.

And fall upon the brain like pestilence;
Or, as the locusts borne upon the blast
From fields of devastated Innocence,
Lay waste the flowers where Christ for blossom passed.
The Nature-mind in man doth but devast:
It scorns upon the Word's red passion-cross,
And, where the bridal veils from Heaven are cast,
Sees but the Nature-lusts, that heave and toss
To multiply base lives, whose being still is loss.

XCIII.

Alas, thou adept! thou whose mind hath fallen
Asleep in Nature's philosophic den;
The word-flower in the brain that held the pollen
Of precious wisdom fails thee: 'tis as when
Circe, the sex-geist, charmed her guests, and then
Gave of her amorous heat till they were swine.
Losing the lifted godlikeness of men,
Her victims taste the deadly pleasure-wine,
Till, for the Holy-Ghost, the ghastly larvae entwine.

XCIV.

How have the mighty fallen! it is easy
For men to perish in the Nature-play.
The occult winds awake their misereere,
But the false pleasure-breaths no sound convey.
Heaven cannot warn them of the sure decay,
For Nature rises mighty to be-stem;
She leads, perchance, young sirens, bold and gay,
And weaves her cruel witcheries by them:
She leaves but pall and worm for robe and diadem.

XCV.

How have the mighty fallen! ages, ages,
Have seen men cope with Nature, and almost
Heave from her grasp the world's lost heritages:
Their Genius kindled from his shining coast:
Already stooped for them the upper host;
The word-flower in the breast bore budding fire.
They dreamed, they dazed, they wearied at the post,
Then Nature caught them in the slumberous choir
Of her dissolving joys; she fed them to expire.

XCVI.

Better be pent beneath the battened hatches
Of the dread fire-ship drifting o'er the sea;
Better be swung aloft for sure dispatches,
Nailed to the thorny crucifixion tree,
Than made the captive of the Nature-glee.
Drawn to the dream her imaging creates.
As god or goddess, fondly, perfectly,
She robes, she smiles, she breathes, she simulates;
Then death glides through her eyes, as murder from his gates.

XCVII.

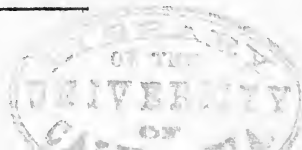
Man's heart should fasten on the lovely Truth,
 Even as Venus on Adonis fed.
 What though his thigh shew spectacle of ruth,
 Where, wounded by the angry boar, it bled?
 God's Truth, Love's Truth,—sweet body for sweet bed,—
 His be our wealth of undeflowered charms!
 Let us for Truth hold endless bridalhead.
 Fold thou, my Truth! I rapture in thy arms:
 I claim thee all mine own, though with the bride's alarms.

XCVIII.

God's Truth, Love's Truth, full, fiery and impassioned,
 Will have our bosom's all, or have it none;
 But, taking all, he is so nobly fashioned,
 He gives the more for all that he has won.
 Glad heart! she sobs for joy, 'Thy will be done,
 Thy kingdom come, thy pure ideal shew:
 So multiply through me, thy twain of one:
 Yea, set me as Aurora, where thy bow,
 Splendid from all above, showers gifts for all below.'

XCIX.

I bear Love's Truth, in loves all crucified,
 As Venus bore Adonis from the wood:
 No more the sensual fang shall wound his side:
 Hygeia shall make healings for his good:
 Olympian girls shall bring ambrosial food:
 He is my garden, all my earth his floor.
 So he shall fill the world's wide womanhood,
 And make her blisses for new seed explore,
 Till the Saturnian reign Love's golden age restore.



C.

Ne'er to coerce but ever to transmute,
Sweet Faith in sweetest Culture loves and saves.
There comes an hour when agonies fall mute;
When powers that slept, folded in many graves
Within the bosom, lift as billowed waves,
And that which formed within grows manifest.
This is man's dangerous time; for Nature raves
To feel the Powers, the Word-life that attest,
Moving to lead their whirl, where she her signet prest.

CI.

For Nature through the human world uplifts,
Leading each generation on, to fail
And perish in her cold, dissolving drifts.
The sires in sons decease, and daughters pale,
Meeting but doom-eyes where the bridal vail
Melts in soft starlight: Nature folds the seed
From Word-life, but she never cries, 'all hail!'
She sacrifices man; her victims bleed;
'Tis all a sport to her where failing martyrs plead.

CII.

Her sympathies are in her purposes,
Till One comes who is mightier than she
To penetrate the magic of her eyes,
By Word-force entering her witchery;
Who, through the time-geist, leads eternity.
Then Nature in the man has found her peer;
But she will fight with him: alone is he
Risen to stand beside the world's huge bier,
Where the slain myriads lie, as leaflets waste and sere.



CIII.

O it is terrible! to feel the whirl
Of Nature sweeping through this frail mankind;
Touching within to each small passion pearl;
Each globule of the blood; each instinct blind;
Each cell-germ where the human powers are shrined;
Each thrilling nerve and artery of sense;
Each pore through all the breathing skin, assigned
For the soul's mantle and its last defence;
By art-play weaving still, for shadows deep and dense.

CIV.

Vailing, still vailing! women made as dancers
To fly for beauty's witchery on her boards,
Where men, horsed on her lusts, impetuous lancers,
Charge by the passion-blade, as swords in swords.
Each of the gallants of her fiery hordes
For a new Sabine rape swoops up his girl:
He gathers her as creed or custom 'fords;
Taking new motions from her deadly whirl,
To spin and weave till death their fading lives unfurl.

CV.

Terrific is it thus to stand, and vise
The cheat of her illusion; yet to know
The race so held in frauds and fantasies,
Spell-bound for pleasure, terrorized for woe,
That Word-bliss forms to agony below;
And Word-love is a babe of Christ who lies
Ensepulchered where pains by torrents flow;—
Where, in each Word-babe, Christ from Hades cries:
Formed in them for His own, by all their deaths He dies.

CVI.

Yea, 'tis thrice awful thus to live alone,
Toiling till deathless powers are almost spent;
To feel the racial heart as but a stone;
The racial mind but as an iron tent,
A blaze of weapons into fetters bent;
The racial floor a maze of tooth in tooth,
Where every step must be through blood besprent.—
Thou, who didst fashion in me from my youth,
Still on this floor I stand, uplifted in Thy Truth!

CVII.

Nature still murders through her murderers,
And by her foul betrayers crucifies;
Yet innocently; all these ways of hers
Might be transposed, could a One-Twain but rise,
And turn against her deadly whirl that plies,
Till energies lead immortalities.
These Christ-babes,—could the word-thought flame their eyes,
And the word-motion open through their glees,
Nature might be transposed,—though but by babes as these.

CVIII.

O Thou, the Word-Force of the loftier whirl,
Thou, Christus-Christa, see! I stand and turn,
Here, formed one-twain, here with my Word-wrought girl,
Seeking to weave for poesies that burn
Bedewed from Heaven, that holds God's bridal urn.
Wilt Thou not turn in me and powers reveal,
Till kindly men the witcheries unlearn;
Until the great Stone Heart has sense to feel,
And we of Thee no more are broken on the wheel?

CIX.

Though all Earth's spell-bound masses hold but Time;
 Whirling as moths around its candle flame;
 Though Earth's huge vault rede for emblazoned Crime;
 Though bride-bed sinks in charnel-house for shame;
 There is, there must be, power to hold and tame
 This nature goddess; power to cleanse the gore
 Wept from Earth's wounded side; to fold and claim
 This goodly world, to sanctify its floor,
 Where Nature's victims bleed; where lust makes porch and door.

CX.

If Woman, clasped in custom, will not hear,
 Taught in the creeds that custom sanctifies,
 Then will I turn to that worm-wreathing bier
 Where woman cursed beyond the custom lies.
 Sister, sweet Word-seed, in thine agonies
 Thou hast been captured: lovely, loathly whore,
 I touch the stone heap of thy miseries;
 My heart is thine, where Issa beams before.
 See, we condemn thee not: we claim thee: sin no more!

CXI.

If sinful shames have clad thee all in scarlet,
 We will enredde thee through for Bride-Word glows:
 Where man looked on and longed, yet named thee 'harlot,'
 Thou shalt weave forth God's bridal passion-rose.
 Taste thou of Her: my blissful girl bestows,
 For she is coming for the Mother's year:
 On her sweet mouth thy fainting lips shall close,
 And she shall kiss thee kind and clasp thee dear,
 Baptizing all thy powers, till pureness reappear.

CXII.

Man would have victims: outlet needs has been,
Since otherwise, from his volcanic lust,
No surety had been for the household queen;
No shadowed path safe from his fiery thrust.
But thou, and such as thou, have met the gust:
In thee and thine his lava-streams found path,
While the world's wives and mothers held their trust,
And slept secure. She who gave all she hath
At man's censorious feet no more shall meet his wrath.

CXIII.

There is a MAN who loves thee, even my Father!
Lord Christus is His name: from terrors wild,
He, in my Mother, Christa, hastes to gather
Such word-seed as thou art: come home, thou child!
Like a soiled dove, in the man's lust defiled,
Though lying far beyond the marriage pots,
Unfurl thy wings: the Mother-Light hath smiled.
Rise where the Heavenly Shepherds guard their flocks:
Did man work here for doom? for dawn thy Mother plots.

CXIV.

Yea, Father-Mother, search by many ways,
And move for many paths not open yet.
Doth man forget thee after he betrays?
Does he, the wolf, feed on the lamb, his pet?
Our Father-Mother, never They forget!
Hope of the lost, Joy of the comfortless,
Never the creed that dooms thee They abet.
In thee and thine They shall for bliss possess
Each other's hearts divine, and weave the full redress.

CXV.

'I came, I saw, I conquered,' cried the Roman.

To thee man came, saw, conquered, and betrayed;

Then he delivered thee, thy sated foeman,

To serve his comrades, lost from shade to shade

By each new sword-thrust of the deadly blade.

So at the last, accurséd even of them,

Thy pathway droops to rayless caverns, made

Beneath the floors of his Jerusalem,

Proud for the wicked god, by whom their lusts condemn.

CXVI.

My Father never taught as Moses did:

My Father made no man to be His priest,

From the red woes that wrought her pyramid

Tearing the shamed girl, like some cruel beast

That on the wounded lamb would make his feast;

Stoning her in the public till she died.

Through all the lost, down to the lowest least,—

One with His Love, my Mother, His dear Bride,—

He comes, They come, Twain-One, to comfort and abide.

CXVII.

I stand among you where the Serpent wreathing

Would press your gold-life into burning dross.

The Holy Ghost, the dove, o'erarching, breathing!

See, 'neath her vast, white wings warm billows toss,

Borne through her bosom, where ye lift for loss

Upon the fiery frozen seas of doom.

By all the spells in God's red passion cross;

By all the powers that from the Word enwomb,

Draw Heaven into your hearts; then rise where Heaven make bloom.



CXVIII.

In you, for you, I make my Calvary!

In you, for you, my own red wounds I stanch.
Breathe forth for bloom, my crucifixion tree;

In this frail sisterhood make form and branch.

Buried are ye beneath the avalanche
From man's dead passions, made a glacial sea.

Fierce tigers, from his hungers, grind and cranch,
Feeding upon your secret misery,
And growing still more fierce for all ye feel or flee.

CXIX.

As being bound, in this, my terror-night,

Lifting mine eyes where agonies are waters,
Unto this last in Woman I delight;

I claim her all God's own, in all her daughters.

Still I defy the Nature-god who slaughters.
The sun in heaven may seem to shade and reel.

I summon forth each power that rests or loiters,
Until Eternity shall force and feel,
Making my quivering form its lust-consuming wheel.

CXX.

There shall not be a woman's heart that bleeds

On the great planet, or a woman's breast
Whereon man feeds, while he his serpent feeds.

The Holy Ghost shall make her bridal nest
In each soft bosom, weaving to invest,
All sexual by the attributes divine.

I will rejoice where terrors now infest,
And wreath for woman, till her social vine
Encompasses mankind, for God-gifts to entwine.



CXXI.

I will be heard, though after life's long sorrow :
I will be felt, though form no more appears :
I will put off my griefs, till God's new morrow
Makes for my crown of thorns an arch of spears :
I will have comfort for the cruel years :
I will be owned where I have been betrayed :
And I will sprinkle Earth, till doom uprears
In the red baptism that my cross has made.—
Thus, in her warrior's voice, sang Issa, then she rayed,

CXXII.

A wreath, formed from the fulness of her bosom :
She sprinkled him with violets, blue and white,
And so outshaped herself, clad all in blossom,
And hushed him in her stillness for delight,
Till he was gathered to the sacred night.
Then, as a priestess, she gave holy oils,
For, as Adonis wounded in the fight,
His frame showed wounds of woes from many toils :
So now he rests where Heaven is rich for blessed spoils.

CXXIII.

He has done all he could, and he has given,
For no reward, all that he had to give.
Now being full attired and sweet for heaven,
Still, though in anguish, he would toil and strive ;
Perchance, if so, some comfort might derive,
Some healing grow, some agony be less ;
Some weary, wasted, wandering fugitive
From the last clusters of his time express,
For wine of God's pure love:—words failed, he could but bless !

CXXIV.

And They from heaven who named him 'Blessedness,'

His Father-Mother, in his frame made fire,
Until the flames led peace and quietness:

Therefore in blisses do these songs expire.

Now, if for Blessedness some should inquire,
Say to them, 'Issa-Lily folds him sweet,

And in her motions glide the social choir,
Who to her for the world's new motion meet:
He leads to find the goal, led by her flying feet.'



END OF CANTO THE SECOND.

